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ICD
ES BURNHAM EXPLAINS
1970 Was a Vintage Year
the Communists—SEE PAGE 75

NATIONAL REVIEW

Inflation, Labor Unions, Snobs, Imperialism & Vietnam

by
HENRY HAZLITT
PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE
J. BERNARD BURNHAM

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

FRANK S. MEYER ON NIXON AND THE NEW YEAR ♦ KILPATRICK
TAKES ON SÉKOU TOURÉ AND THE UN ♦ ALSO RUTH BERENSON
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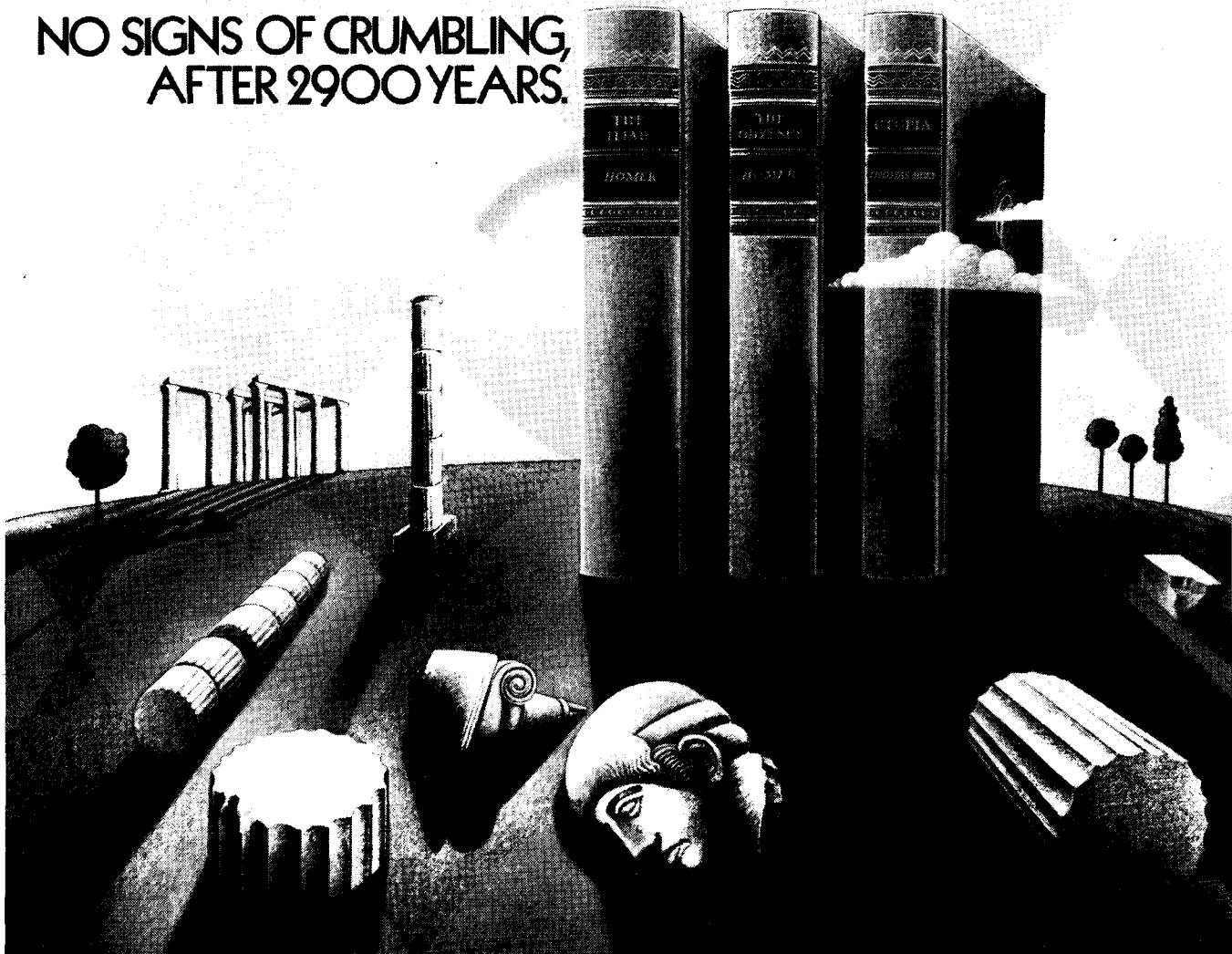
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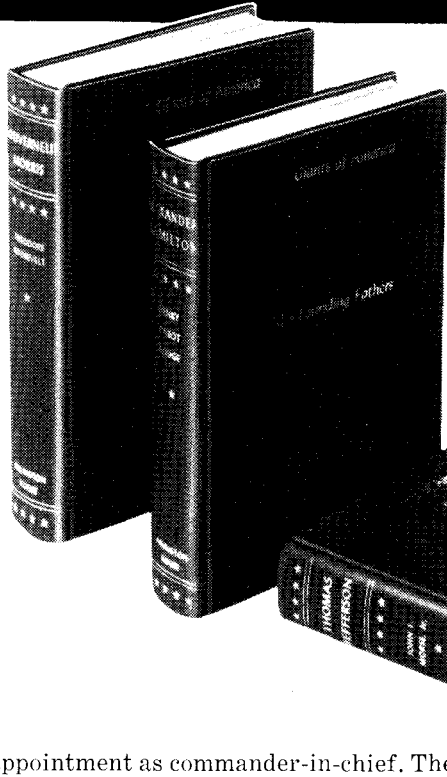
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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1971.



Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.
Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, NATIONAL REVIEW, 051 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

RATES: \$20.00 a year (\$12.00 for the 44-page issues, and \$8.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add \$1.00 for Canada, \$2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

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ARTICLES

76 What Liberals Don't Understand about Vietnam by J. Bernard Burnham

We are a Pacific power. We are (albeit reluctantly) an imperial power. Write it on the blackboard two hundred times, and perhaps then the confusions over Vietnam will subside. The author, now with the Federal Reserve system as an economist, graduated from Princeton, studied in Brazil under a Fulbright grant, holds a doctorate in economics from Washington University, and served three years in the Navy as an intelligence officer.

80 In Guinea: Stuff and Nonsense by James J. Kilpatrick

Here we go through the looking-glass, to watch the United Nations investigate that invasion of Guinea and come up, *click-whirr*, with the pre-programmed verdict. Our guide, one of the Great Men of American journalism, promises an instructive and uplifting tour.

82 Nobody Wins at Leapfrog by Henry Hazlitt

Speaking of stuff and nonsense, there's a lot of it in the air these days on the Labor Question. Mr. Hazlitt, who's been making economics comprehensible to the average man for twenty years, deflates a number of myths, and demonstrates that labor-union monopolies benefit nobody—not their members, not other workers, certainly not the American consumer.

85 Letter from London by Peregrine Worsthorne

Mr. Worsthorne, Deputy Editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*, observes with amusement how deeply Britain's left-wing intellectuals hate Blackpool, which The Masses like just fine. Come to think of it, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. probably wouldn't dig Atlantic City. (Reprinted by kind permission of the *Spectator*.)

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Just look! Family Assistance, Revenue Sharing, health insurance! Who was that masked man, anyway? Just Richard Nixon, riding leftward into the sunset.

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88 BOOKS—ARTS—MANNERS

Anthony Lejeune, our man in London, reviews a brace of books on the conservative and liberal traditions □ A new biography of Gertrude "Toasted Susie Is My Ice Cream" Stein gets the nod from Hugh Kenner □ He isn't one of ours, he's entirely his own man—but Tom Wolfe has written one helluva book, says John Coyne, and it's got the liberals in an absolute tizzy □ Pat Brown's book on Ronald Reagan will make the trip from press to remainder counter in record time. Miss it, says George F. Will □ Peter P. Witonski finds some of the ideas advanced in Murray Rothbard's new book—e.g., private, free-market police—a bit gauzy □ Ruth Berenson, our ace art critic, reports that culture is busting out all over in the hinterland.

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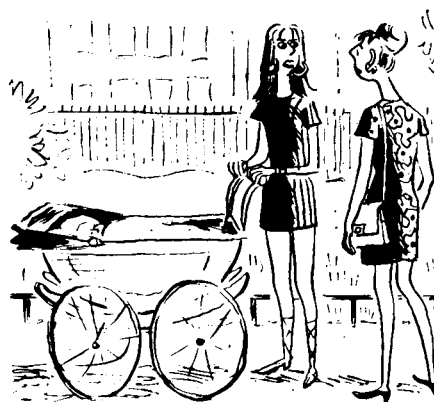
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FOR THE RECORD

■ Good week for the good guys in Washington. It's Sen. **Robert Dole** of Kansas, an energetic supporter of Administration programs during the 91st Congress, as head of Republican National Committee, succeeding **Rogers Morton**, a moderate, over the objections of **Hugh Scott**. A clear win for conservatives. . . . And in the Senate, **Marlow Cook** of Kentucky, the liberal's candidate for head of the powerful Senate Campaign Committee, has pulled out of the race leaving **Peter Dominick** of Colorado, a down-the-line conservative, as the only declared candidate for the post. (**John Tower**, present head of the Campaign Committee, is resigning. He'll be running for re-election in 1972.)

■ Why did **George McGovern** enter Democratic Presidential race two years ahead? Probably because **Edmund Muskie** seemed to be building up too big a lead too fast. Certainly because if McGovern is to be serious contender he must raise important monies not only to fund his present campaign but to pay off debts (reputed close to \$1 million) from his short-term Presidential bid in 1968, after **Robert Kennedy** was assassinated. . . . Big asset: In the course of his campaign (with Sen. **Mark Hatfield**) to raise money to try to force through amendment that would end Vietnam war in '71, and as head of "Campaign '70"—to raise funds for liberal Democrats in 1970—McGovern is reported to have developed the most up-to-date list of liberal Democratic contributors in the land. . . . Muskie aides, incidentally, are talking rather debonairely of raising \$10 to \$20 million for his '72 campaign. . . . ADA Chairman **Joseph Duffey** (who was not elected senator from Connecticut in November) is urging other ADA members

not to take sides in Presidential campaign just yet: What the Party needs if it is to defeat **Richard Nixon** and elect a "good liberal President," says Duffey, "is unity." . . . For a look at who are the *really* acceptable liberals, the list of speakers at the various ADA-sponsored Roosevelt Day Dinners (RDDs) this year: **John Gilligan**, new



Anton, *London Evening Standard*
Ben Roth Agency
"Next time I'm going to make war."

Governor of Illinois, **Ramsey Clark**, former Attorney General, **Joseph Duffey**, UAW President **Leonard Woodcock**, and Sens. **Harold Hughes** and **Birch Bayh**.

■ Poor Marin County, California; its only crime was to have a Black Panther group kidnap a judge and in the resulting shootout leave four dead people—and **Angela Davis**—on its hands. Now tax officials in San Rafael estimate the Davis trial will cost the County \$1.5 million (higher taxes). . . . And it foresees trouble with the State Department. Officials at the courthouse say they won't be able to accommodate the fourteen Soviet scientists invited by State to watch the trial if they arrive. The courthouse has only forty seats for spectators which will not

start to suffice for the Russians, the interpreters, State officials, general entourage, security guards and secret service (ours and theirs). . . . Report in British *Guardian Weekly* predicts that next major college campus eruptions in America will be triggered by **Angela Davis** trial. Some of last year's major riots and demonstrations were touched off by **Bobby Seale** trial in New Haven (and just when will they complete that jury?).

■ Congresswoman **Edith Green** (D., Ore.) says she intends to push hard this year for a bill to cut off aid to student demonstrators and disrupters. "Congress has been derelict in its responsibilities," she says. "Congress needs to have one law that is clear and spells out what Congress expects." . . . Latest figures from **National Education Association** say a record \$42.4 billion will be spent on public school education this year, but that the Federal Government's contribution (although higher dollar-wise) will cover only 6.9 per cent of the public school budget (as against 8 per cent in the 1967-1968 school year).

■ Significant: latest group of political prisoners released by Brazilian government in exchange for kidnaped Swiss Ambassador **Giovanni Bucher** were flown to Chile, not Cuba. Chile, incidentally, agreed to accept them, but not too graciously. . . . European press reports that French revolutionary-journalist **Régis Debray**, released by Bolivia in a Christmas amnesty, has taken a job with Allende government.

■ And from Soviet-occupied Czechoslovakia, the latest. First Czech: "Have you heard the story about the graves of **Husak** and **Brezhnev**?" Second Czech: "No. But I like the start."

LETTERS

McCombs on Vietnam

Thanks for printing the most cogent view of the Vietnam situation I have yet read ["How Can We Lose in Vietnam Having Won? Easy," Dec. 29]. Philip McCombs tells it like it is: the dismal ineptitude of the ARVN (the Campfire Girls would be more effective); the antipathy between the GIs and the Vietnamese, any Vietnamese; the complete and utter inability of our war machine to subdue the enemy (we've probably killed more monkeys and water buffalo than Communists) and all the other inanities peculiar to the Southeast Asian war. Col. X speaks for all of us who served there and who recognize the Vietnam fiasco for what it is.

Look, we surrendered on October 31, 1968. So why don't we bring everybody home and end the absurdity?
Moorestown, N.J. STEPHEN BYRNE MD

Philip McCombs attributes to Colonel X: The NVA is motivated. Communism is the thing. They believe in it like the Christians of the religious wars believed in Christ. In the same article: 47,000 soldiers defected in 1969 alone. That's three divisions. Keep this up, and their "motivation" will be unimportant, since they will all be in the Colonel's hands.

These Charlies know death awaits if they turn and run back without sacrificing. Excuses aren't allowed from them—if they were, the war would be over. The trapped fight out of fear. The motivated never defect. The Japanese were motivated. More NVA defect in a month than did Japanese during the whole of World War II.

I am convinced that the Chinese have refrained from sending troops into another war because, since Korea, they do not trust their "motivated" troops. Toward the latter part of that war, the Chinese were defecting by thousands. Even after the UN allowed the Chinese and North Korean officers to threaten families back home, the defectors stayed south. And they were the motivated fear-nothings of that war, according to much of the so-called reporting of that time.

Bend, Ore. JOHN J. GRIGGS

Unsilent Majority

In recent issues of *NR* ["Hi, There! Your Next Senator . . .," Nov. 3; "Letters," Dec. 15], Young Republicans and YAF have been mentioned as important factors in winning the election for Jim Buckley.

While I must admit that each organization did play a role in the campaign, I would like to ask these few questions:

Who ran the first major rally with Jim Buckley as the major speaker, at a cost of over \$3,000? Who printed the first Buckley buttons, and set up tables throughout New York City six months before the election? Who organized the Rockefeller-Buckley campaign? Who provided more workers at Buckley headquarters?

All of this, and more, was done by the young people of the Silent Majority Mobilization Committee.

ROBERT S. CARROLL
Director, Silent Majority

New York, N.Y. Mobilization Committee

Addendum

Thanks to Neil McCaffrey for his piece, "Jazz for the Silent Majority" [Dec. 29]. Other interested readers will be happy to know that the World's Greatest Jazz Band has a third album out (Atlantic SD 1570), recorded live at the Roosevelt Grill and somewhat snappier than the studio-recorded albums on the Project 3 label.

Covington, Ky. ROBERT M. THORNTON

De Gaulle, R I P

"Charles de Gaulle, R I P" ["The Week," Dec. 1] was not one of your more inspired editorials.

Item 1) Winston Churchill is summarily dismissed from the author's list of great men as being a "peacetime catastrophe." That it was Churchill who rallied Britain to "stand alone" in 1940 so that the rest of the world would have the critical time needed to arm itself in order to restore peace does not merit much greatness in the eyes of this editorial's author. To make my point, let me enlist the aid of someone he may know: "For everyone in my country as for myself, Sir Winston Churchill is, and will remain, the one who—in directing the admirable British war effort—contributed powerfully to the well-being of the French people and the liberty of the world. In the great drama he was the greatest."—Charles de Gaulle

It is true that he was unable to bring about peaceful coexistence between the United States and Russia, but he should hardly bear full blame for the cold war.

Item 2) "In his perception of the reality and the validity of the nation, de Gaulle had hold of a profound political truth . . . it is in the nation that resistance will have

to be rooted to the tyrannical abstractions and pseudoreligions that are now the mortal enemies of civilization." What connection can there be between de Gaulle's rule of France and "resistance to tyrannical abstractions? In *Capitalism and Freedom*, Milton Friedman writes: "To the free man, the country is the collection of individuals who compose it, not something over and above them." De Gaulle was precisely that: He was "above" his countrymen.

Acton, Mass.

J. KENNEDY HAMILL

With the passing of Charles de Gaulle, the media, *NR* included, has been making a lot of noise mourning "the last of the three great World War II leaders." Which is a bit off the beam, because there's a fourth, equally great, who is still very much with us, who led more people during World War II than all the others combined, who fought Communism longer and harder than any of them, who is totally ignored by the media, except when they are denigrating him: Chiang Kai-shek.

Staunton, Va.

CHARLES H. CHANDLER

MRA Is Alive and Well

Your editorial "Moral Re-Armament, R I P" [Oct. 20], read in England, appears both premature and uncharacteristically parochial. Every vital Christian movement has its spin-offs, and that to which you refer took place several years ago when, to quote the *London Sunday Telegraph*, the young people of "Up with People!" "abandoned the traditional asceticism of this militant Christian movement in favor of a more secular approach." They have taken certain properties and funds with them, but the real strength of MRA has never rested in material things.

The article in the *Times* which you quoted stated that "the work in Europe goes on unabated." The Westminster Theater and Arts Center in London, which was enlarged at a cost of £500,000 four years ago, will have two extra stories built on top of it next year, and the Asian conference center in Panchgani, India is currently in the third phase of its construction. The Caux Conference in Switzerland was attended by over four thousand from 67 countries this summer.

Recent settlements of dangerous conflicts in South Tyrol, in Assam and in Papua-New Guinea, which settlements local leaders have attributed in large measure to Moral Re-Armament, have interested statesmen in many countries, as the reception of MRA forces by the president of Germany and the prime ministers of Australia, New Zealand and Malaysia shows. Tunku Abdul Rahman, then Malaysian Prime Minister, wrote this summer, "Moral Re-Armament is bringing unity

(Continues on page 101)

THE WEEK

■ FROM NEW YORK TIMES POLITICAL COUNSELING SERVICE, LANDMARK DIVISION, OR I LOST MY JOB THROUGH THE NEW YORK TIMES (editorial, October 10, 1968). "Governor Rockefeller's decision to appoint Representative Charles E. Goodell to the Senate seat left vacant by the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy last June is a gesture to right-wing Republicans and also reflects the heavy pressure the Conservative Party is putting on the GOP. We regret that the Governor apparently did not have the courage to name a liberal Republican such as Representative Reid of Westchester, whose views would certainly have been more consistent with those of his elected predecessor. . . . It is, of course, possible that as Senator representing the whole state Mr. Goodell may come to have a more sympathetic view of urban problems than he has had as Representative from an upstate district. That would be a strongly desirable evolution, especially if he hopes for re-election."

■ Mind, it's only hearsay—but Howard K. Smith says he heard President Nixon say, after their televised conversation of January 4: "I am now a Keynesian in economics." But cheer up. That *still* makes Nixon a good reactionary. Because nobody else anymore is a Keynesian.

■ For Presidents, the steel industry is an irresistible target, so no one should be surprised that today's President zeroed right in when the target popped up, just like his predecessors. Not exactly like, at that. Mr. Nixon at any rate remembered some of his economics, and had Press Secretary Ziegler add to the jawboning the suggestion that an increase of imports of foreign steel might affect domestic steel prices more substantially than any amount of adjectives. So, indeed, it might. It will prove a happy byproduct of our unhappy inflation if it moves us and the world back toward freer international trade.

■ In one of the most carefully ignored victories of conservatism on the campus, the Princeton Undergraduate Assembly voted several weeks ago to ask ROTC to stay at Princeton. The resolution specified, however, that the ROTC program be extracurricular. At present, the law establishing the Reserve Officers' Training Program requires that ROTC courses receive credit, that the military instructors get professorial status, and that the university support the program. Perhaps the Army and the government should make the necessary adaptations so that ROTC can exist as an extracurricular activity.

The complaints that ROTC—an essentially technical program—has no place in an academic curriculum, are valid; and certainly, in the present climate universities such as Princeton are unlikely to accept ROTC in any other form. A reasonable compromise, one would suppose.

■ Mr. Jimmy Breslin, the gadabout radical columnist, pooled his several talents on the *Tonight Show* Jan. 1, to bitch about the pre-game overflight of the Cotton Bowl by two former Vietnam POWs and a Medal of Honor winner, the inclusion of which in a football game "celebration" seemed to him utterly callous exploitation of American POWs. The fulmination concluded with an altogether appealing offer: Breslin would like to meet the man who arranged the overflight so he could debate him in an insane asylum, the loser to stay. As it happens, the overflight (accompanied by other "celebrations" little understood in civilized areas such as a prayer for peace and the playing of the *Star Spangled Banner*) was part of the huge national campaign to dramatize the prisoners' plight and to force more humane treatment by Hanoi with the weight of American public opinion. To be sure, this campaign has been hidden away in such murky corners as Congress, the President's speeches, lead articles in *Reader's Digest* and patriotic gatherings, so is unlikely to have come to Breslin's attention. Yet, one is intuitively sure that Mr. Breslin will stand by his guns, Free-the-Prisoners Campaign or no. So—you're on, Mr. Breslin. Let the debate proceed, in the loony bin of your choice (not counting New York City).

Mother's Little Helper

Dr. Margaret Mead, the noted anthropologist, has called for a major architectural and humanizing overhaul of America's suburbs so people of all economic levels can live there.

—Washington Star

Dear Dr. Mead:

Before you change the habits
Of our misguided white suburban Babbitts,
Consider why they think they're sitting pretty
Compared to you and me in New York City.
Most Daddies don't have our blasé endurance
To suffer burglaries without insurance.
Unlike tough Turkey types like us, they quail
When they get mugged by beggars reading Braille.
They're frightened when they leave our Colosseum,
And that goes double for your own museum.
They'd rather drive to any shopping center
Than risk a run-in with a war dissenter.
Be nice now, Dr. Mead, and say "aloha."
Scarsdale and Darien are not Samoa.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Case for Gold

Is now the time to buy?

GOLD IS THE METAL most easily drawn into a wire. A mere ounce of gold can be drawn out thirty-five miles long.

Gold is the metal most easily hammered into a thin sheet. A surface, 100 feet by 100 feet, can be covered by a solid gold film weighing only one ounce and measuring only ten one-millionths of an inch thick.

Gold is incredibly heavy. A block only one foot high, wide and deep weighs more than half a ton.

Gold is substantially non-magnetic. Along with silver and copper it is tops as an electrical conductor.

Gold is extremely reflective throughout the visual range and into the infrared. Thus its importance in shielding spacecraft and astronauts against radiant heat.

Gold is almost completely inert chemically. Gold is unique among metals in that oxygen has no effect on its high-temperature behavior. Thus its importance in high-temperature devices.

Gold's almost complete resistance to chemical action, combined with its excellent electrical conductivity, makes it a prime substance for use in electrical circuits where absolute reliability is necessary over long periods of time—in defense missiles and space stations, for instance.

Industrial demand for gold has been growing rapidly. Between 1956 and 1959, it grew from \$245 million to \$280 million. In 1960 it crossed \$300 million. In 1964, industrial demand was \$520 million. Year by year since then it has grown: \$560 million, \$725 million, \$805 million, \$895 million in 1968, and \$930 million in 1969. Economic analyst William F. Rickenbacker expects this demand to continue to grow at about nine per cent per year — even if gold prices rise sharply.

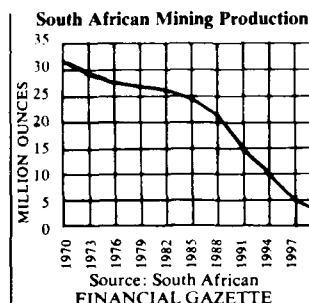
GOLD PRODUCTION

Even while gold consumption was rising dramatically, gold production was declining. After reaching a historic peak of \$1.9 billion in 1963, production of gold declined steadily. With profits squeezed between rising costs and a fixed selling price—pegged by the government at \$35 per ounce—mine after mine closed down. Those remaining open have had to strip their high grade ore and abandon the low grade. Current production stands at \$1.4 billion, and is headed down.

EASY PROFITS?

With consumption increasing and production decreasing, a steep rise in the price of gold seems inevitable.

However, in the RICKENBACKER



Black line shows the estimated South African gold mining production—which accounts for 70% of the Free World's output—to the end of the century. This vitally important information, largely overlooked in the United States, is typical of the perceptive and thorough coverage offered by the RICKENBACKER REPORT.

REPORT, Mr. Rickenbacker warns against uninformed investing. "I expect to see several emotional runs into gold," he writes, "and as many emotional withdrawals from it." The withdrawal from the 1969 highs, for instance, drove gold mining shares down 50%.

In a comprehensive, fact-filled 24 page minibook *The Case for Gold*, the RICKENBACKER REPORT: a) explains and documents the fundamental supply and demand factors now at work; b) untangles the confusing international monetary situation and its effect on the price of gold; c) outlines a ten year investment program designed to maximize profits and minimize risks from investing in gold mining shares and d) recommends one particular gold mining company for immediate purchase.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Mr. Rickenbacker's new 24 page minibook *The Case for Gold* is yours—as a BONUS—when you take a no-risk, 3-month trial subscription to the RICKENBACKER REPORT. Send your \$30 check to the RICKENBACKER REPORT, Box 1000, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y. 10510. If, within 30 days, you are dissatisfied for any reason, you may cancel your subscription for a full and prompt refund. *The Case for Gold* is yours to keep.

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- **Bowers**, Director, Hathaway & Bowers Galleries;
- **Horton**, President, Computer Guidance Corporation;
- **Reuter**, President, Leys, Christie and Company;
- **Ziebarth**, noted Rail Consultant, for many years Vice-President of Hayden, Stone;
- & Mr. Rickenbacker's longtime associate who must remain anonymous for discreet professional reasons: "Praktikus," a senior member of a leading commodity brokerage house,

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- Gems, gold and silver coins;
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- Banking, government bonds, cash and savings accounts;
- Regular features about railroad and computer stocks;
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- Special issues on gold and silver stocks;
- Research visits, in person by Mr. Rickenbacker, to companies of particular interest.

The Case For Gold

Yours as a BONUS



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- ☐ My \$108 check for a one year subscription — 45 issues—is enclosed.
- ☐ Check here if you would like information about Mr. Rickenbacker's portfolio management program.

N-29

■ One hears constantly from the critics of the Vietnam war that it is distorting America's domestic priorities, diverting money away from the problems of the cities, the poor, etc. Surely it would require more than the lack of a First Amendment to prevent at least some similar outcry over what must be comparatively greater costs and reshuffled priorities in North Vietnam. Sure enough, all is not well in North Vietnam, or so says Douglas Pike, for some years with the USIA in Saigon. According to Mr. Pike, North Vietnam is suffering from grave economic problems at the heart of which is an "unbelievably low" agricultural productivity: "15 per cent of the food eaten must be imported, a stark statistic unmatched anywhere in the world." The black market thrives, patronized by "most of the population" for everything from toothpaste to needles to batteries. The "people" are harangued by the government for being apathetic toward "social goals." And, in such a non-capitalist country, "the young are singled out for special criticism in having traded socialist zeal for pursuit of pleasure." Also, according to Pike, pragmatic types in the party leadership favor social reforms "partly through material incentives, but chiefly by reducing the pressures on the society." All of this indicates "a little less zeal for pursuit of the war in the South." While the nine-man Politburo maintains that "the war will go on . . . it remains to be seen at what level."

■ Britain and the United States have looked like whirling dervishes at times, so often had they turned the other cheek at outrageous charges leveled against them and their friends and allies by the UN Committee on Colonialism. Last week the dance was over. The Committee made front-page news for the first time in years with the announcement that the U.S. and the UK had resigned.

■ "Rawalpindi, Pakistan (AP)—Several hundred students marched on the office of the British High Commission Wednesday to protest the publication in Britain of a book called *The Turkish Art of Love in Pictures*. The students claimed the book desecrated the memory of the Prophet Mohammed because it said he was a man of 'extreme passions' who married eleven times." Well. People publish dirty books to make money, so clearly the only solution to the smut crisis is to take the Prophet out of pornography.

■ Dr. A. J. Haagen-Smit is known as the "father of smog." Twenty years ago he developed the theory of photochemical smog formation, which means that automobiles have been causing smog. Last Monday Dr. Haagen-Smit announced that "the job of eliminating air pollution from the automobile is over the hump . . . we're so far over the hump I'm beginning to lose interest." Come on back, Lewis Mumford, Greeners, and followers of the Maharishi. You may dig up that V-8 engine you buried last year.

■ There's a startling new approach to dealing with destructive kids. It's called parental responsibility. The Los Angeles school system, for one, has filed 286 court suits against parents of teen-aged vandals. Decisions so far have all been in favor of the schools. And in Madison Heights, Michigan, an ordinance has been passed making parents fully responsible for their children's law violations. Result? Juvenile infractions have dropped to zero.

■ Those two great dreams of the 1960s, total integration and the end of discrimination, keep colliding head-on. Latest mishap on the road to Utopia occurred in Chicago last week. To redress a racial imbalance detected by the U.S. Department of Justice, the integration-minded Board of Education assigned two white teachers to predominately black schools. Whereupon the teachers squawked to the antidiscrimination-minded Illinois Fair Employment Practices Commission, which ruled that indeed the two had been sent to the black schools "solely because they were Caucasian," a practice that is against the law of the state of Illinois. Maybe we could just paint everybody green?

■ "If we were a civilized nation," says a British psychiatrist who wishes to remain anonymous, "we would send our workers to bed with their wives and girl friends in the afternoon." The idea of an after-lunch sex break will delight some. But better broaden your definitions of wives and girl friends, doctor, or you'll offend Michael



New York Post

"Everything all right here?"

De-la-Noy, former press officer to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who last week called on the Anglican Church to bless the marriages of "homosexual men or women . . . who want the church's blessing on their relationship." But maybe it won't make any difference. Robert McCracken, a UCLA anthropologist, predicts that evolution dictates man's eventual fading away. "Man will be part of the backdrop," says McCracken, "much as lower animals and plants are part of the backdrop now." Won't that be nice? Think of it—just us and the bees and the daisies. One long after-lunch break.

■ **Making Religion Relevant:** "I believe it is my duty to spread the gospel at every opportunity," says the Reverend Ronald Stephens who, according to London's *Daily Mail*, will do margarine commercials on TV. The Reverend Stephens' script, which he wrote, reads in part: "Margarine has goodness in it. And the body needs the fats in margarine as the soul needs God."

Per Angela ad Astra

Contrast the two sides of the looking glass:

A. On the basis of police investigation, the Attorney General of the State of California charges an American woman with participation in brutal crimes that brought

violent death to four persons, including a California judge taken by armed kidnapers from his courtroom. A grand jury, after considering the charges and supporting evidence against the woman, finds a *prima facie* case against her and duly indicts her under California statutes for murder, kidnaping and criminal conspiracy. The woman thereupon goes into hiding, and is subsequently discovered with a male companion as a fugitive from justice hiding under an alias in New York. The courts of New York State, up to its highest tribunal, after hearing her pleas and complaints, grant California's request for her extradition. She is returned to California, where she is to stand public trial, with full access to the media of communication, under the rules of a legal system more solicitous of the rights of defendants than any other that exists or has ever existed.

As it happens, this woman is young, black, articulate and a member of the Communist Party.

Upon the first public mention that she might be implicated in the crimes, the entire apparatus of world Communism, including the Soviet state and its satellite states, swings into action, on the one hand to manifest support of this woman, on the other to transform the judicial action into a vast psychopolitical campaign designed to demoralize the nation that Communism regards as its decisive enemy and to weaken that nation's position at home and throughout the world. The scenario has been played so often that no rehearsals or prompting are necessary. The official Soviet press and radio, the organizations of the Communist nations, the best known of the Soviet scientists, artists, writers and intellectuals, the Communist organizations, members, sympathizers, fellow travelers and dupes throughout the non-Communist world, take their customary places on stage. Comrade Angela Davis steps out stage center in the combined robes of Joan of Arc, La Pasionaria, and the Black Madonna of Montserrat.

"Today, Mr. President," declare Dmitri Shostakovich, Aram Khachaturian, Igor Moiseyev and other Soviet artists and intellectuals so often honored on the non-Communist side of the looking glass, "the human race"—the human race, no less—"is convinced that Angela Davis is about to be tried in effect for the stand she takes in political and social problems. This case is only the latest link in the chain that starts from the lynching of the Molly Maguire trade-union leaders . . . the frame-ups of Tom Mooney, Sacco and Vanzetti and other heroes and martyrs in the struggle for a democratic America." Angela Davis, proclaims Tass, the official Soviet news agency, is a "courageous fighter for freedom." "I stand before the court," echoes Comrade Davis from California, on cue, "as the target of a political frameup which, far from pointing to my culpability, implicates the state of California as an agent of political repression."



"What's the top item, gents—Agnewism or air pollution?"

B. A sailor of Lithuanian origin on a Soviet fishing trawler manages to jump over to a U.S. Coast Guard

cutter when the two ships are close to each other off Martha's Vineyard. He asks political asylum. The officers of the Soviet ship demand his return, and among other things assert, without furnishing any sort of evidence, that he has stolen some ship's money. A Soviet unit is permitted to come aboard the U.S. vessel, to beat the sailor into a pulp, wrap him in a blanket, and haul him back to the Soviet ship. Thereafter from their side of the looking glass: total silence.

Upon the public report of this incident, the non-Communist world, its apparatus and citizens, do . . . do just short of nothing. A few days of ritualistic editorial exploring, a few radio broadcasts, superficial rundowns in the newsmagazines, a hasty washing of hands by the highest officials in Washington, a mild disciplining of a few Coast Guard personnel immediately involved; then nothing.

But there was nothing we *could* have done, you say? So? That wasn't the way the Communists approached their problem from their side of the glass. They wanted to do something, they decided to do something, and they are doing it, doing it brilliantly and effectively.

The New Exploitation

Since its founding in 1964, the federal Office of Economic Opportunity has maintained uneasy relations with state governors, who have argued that they ought to have greater control over poverty programs funded from Washington. At present, the Economic Opportunity Act (Section 242) permits governors to veto poverty programs, but their veto is subject to being overruled if OEO's Director in Washington determines that the program is consistent with the purposes of the Act. Of all OEO programs none has been as controversial as legal services which has become famous for suits prosecuted against the government, particularly in the area of welfare, which have increased welfare expenditures by hundreds of millions of dollars.

Late last month Governor Reagan vetoed the largest of the legal service programs, California Rural Legal Assistance (CRLA), which is widely regarded by the Poverty Law Establishment as the most successful (read controversial) program in the country. In support of his veto, the Governor presented the OEO officials in Washington with a 283-page evaluation of CRLA, supported by 8,600 pages of exhibits. Apart from its charges that CRLA is not serving the legal needs of the rural poor, the report goes on to expose it as being "ideological warfare, with the poor as ammunition." The result, the report concludes, "is to force upon the poor a form of exploitation that is in some ways worse and more enervating than any other."

The report enumerates hundreds of instances in which the poverty lawyers prosecuted suits that have no necessary relationship to the poor (as in pollution) and suits involving harassment of public and private parties. CRLA's dominant areas of penetration have been into

California's prison system (where they have given considerable assistance to ideological colleagues), the school system (through suits designed to undermine authority and discipline in the schools), and the farms (by systematic cooperation with César Chavez' United Farm Workers Organizing Committee).

OEO has granted CRLA thirty days of additional funding in order to consider the Governor's charges against the program. Many conservatives and Republicans in California are saying this is the issue on which they will decide their level of support for the President in 1972.

The President, after all, has made a positive commitment to home rule and the New Federalism, and the Reagan veto offers the Administration an excellent opportunity to honor that commitment.

From another perspective what is at stake is the willingness of the Administration to protect the poor against the Poverty Establishment. The report's great contribution to the public dialogue on poverty is its illumination of the hard Left's open exploitation of the poor. First, CRLA has an institutional stake in generating legal controversy. The report demonstrates a consequent tendency to give "high visibility" to circumstances in which "exploitation is alleged but is not a reality." In addition, CRLA has, so to speak, its favorite poor. In one particular case, it refused service to a woman who was being sued by the United Farm Workers for obstructing its organizing efforts. The reason CRLA gave for refusing her service was eligibility, but it is clear from the facts that the real reason was the woman's opposition to the union. The report concluded: "CRLA, which is supposed to deliver service to the poor impartially, has chosen sides—and made it impossible for one group of poor people to get any service at all."

Damned Embarrassing

What a relief it was when on November 27 J. Edgar Hoover, in what he had supposed were closed sessions of the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee, testified that the Berrigan brothers were part of a conspiracy to kidnap a White House aide—Kissinger—and also blow up underground electrical conduits in Washington, D.C. The gleeful indignation of the liberals knew no bounds. "It was no particular surprise," purred Mary McGrory, who is never surprised by right-wing perfidy, "when FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover . . . announced that a new plot was brewing. The Director's landscape is always heavily populated with conspirators and other hobgoblins and when he needs more money, they multiply." "We could laugh about all this for a year," crowed Pete Hamill, "if it weren't so outrageous. The Berrigan brothers are two of the most gentle, truly pacific people in this country. . . . Hoover is 75 and couldn't get a job as an elevator operator. It should be time to farm him out at last." Garry Wills observed that the absence of any indictments was a sure sign the whole thing was a fraud.

The laughter had scarcely died away when, lo and

Memo to: all NR Readers

From: J.P. McFadden

Re: a remarkable book by a remarkable man

National Review readers know Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn as a man of many, many talents: world traveller, peripatetic correspondent, prolific writer, fantastic linguist (if I remember rightly, he speaks nine and reads 20!), expert on Communism, Leftism, European problems, Asian difficulties, South American situations, etc., etc. and etc.

Would you believe his very best writings are on religion? If you are the kind of person who is interested in today's revolution in religion (and/or someone who feels the need to do a little serious reflecting at this time of year), read on -- for "The Timeless Christian" is a rare treat, an unusual and highly readable book that will inform and delight you. Originally published in German, this fast-paced volume is primarily concerned with the startling changes (after centuries of rigidity) in the Catholic Church. However, it is by no means of interest to Catholics only: there are fascinating discussions of the Left/liberal foundations of "modern" Christianity; why "pluralism" is a misleading slogan; an illuminating analysis of what is really involved in "mixed" marriages; why the "vernacular" promotes disunity, and -- this chapter alone is worth the price of the book -- a serious discussion of the Devil in today's world.

To me, what makes this book doubly enjoyable is the wealth of pithy, thought-provoking quotes, as, for instance: "Robert Louis Stevenson once said: 'Man does not live by bread alone, but chiefly by catchwords.' Because we live in an age when the colossal, oppressive mass of accumulated knowledge makes rational thought so terribly difficult, men once again require slogans that are capable of use as intellectual lubricants enabling us to come, quite smoothly, to snap judgments."

I could go on and on about this book, but here's the point: if you are interested in these timeless subjects, don't miss this opportunity to get your copy of "The Timeless Christian" free and postpaid (all you have to do is use the handy-card facing this page to subscribe or renew now -- all the details are on the card -- just fill it out and mail it back to us).

I realize that such a book is not for everybody, but I'm convinced that "The Timeless Christian" is one of the most unusual premium books we have ever offered -- something really different -- and I would be delighted to send you your free copy along with your subscription. Please use the card now, though -- our supply of books is strictly limited, and we may never be able to repeat this offer.

J.P.M.

behold, there were the indictments—Philip Berrigan, along with five others, indicted for the very crimes specified by Hoover; seven others, including Daniel Berrigan, named as co-conspirators. The indictment stated that on April 1—a singularly appropriate date—Philip Berrigan, that old pacifist, along with another priest, entered the underground tunnels in Washington, and that the conspirators contacted an engineer in the General Services Administration to discuss the tunnels. The group was also charged with possessing explosives, both plastic and dynamite, and with conspiring to perpetrate an interstate kidnapping. The whole thing is damned embarrassing. Clearly J. Edgar Hoover is guilty of consciously conspiring to persecute his critics by making them sound like asses? He is too much.

No Parachute for Mr. Keck

The directors of United Airlines have just pushed their president, George Keck, out the hatch. While no airline's earnings statement for 1970 is going to be especially rosy, United's anticipated loss of \$45 million will be one of the worst. If industry sources are to be believed, however, one of the major reasons for Keck's ouster was his attempt to shift a large part of the blame for that loss onto the shoulders of the Civil Aeronautics Board and its regulation of passenger fares. United's directors apparently thought Mr. Keck should have spent more time on making the airline's operations more efficient, and less time pleading for government aid.

As a matter of fact, it is not easy to understand the rationale for the massive over-regulation of the airline industry. This has now reached a point where the question of whether to permit two-abreast as against three-abreast seating on some flights becomes a critical issue of state policy. Proposals to levy small extra charges for movies or drinks require top-level CAB debate. All of these proliferating occasions for regulatory nit-picking have been developed out of the laws that restrict airline operations between specific cities to carriers that have obtained CAB certificates. Since free competition between carriers is not allowed, ticket prices must be controlled; when prices are controlled, discounts concealed in the guise of liquor, movies and extra legroom must also be controlled.

Naturally enough, the established airline industry is just as concerned as the regulators to preserve the status quo. Witness the efforts by TWA, United and American to work out an arrangement among themselves for jointly reducing the frequency of New York-Los Angeles and other major East-West flights. If the government makes it almost impossible for outsiders to join the game, we should not be surprised that the eligible players try to milk the rules for the most they can get out of them.

We would resent higher airline fares considerably less if the industry came out for abolishing the CAB and the restrictions on fresh competition. In air transport as

elsewhere, the best mechanism for fixing prices is the free market, not Washington bureaucrats. Their job should be confined to making sure that the purported competitors compete, and that their operations and equipment meet proper safety standards. The fledgling airline industry of the 1920s may have needed a little tender care, but by now it should be encouraged to fly on its own.

Straight from the Bear's Mouth

Remember the Cuban Missile Crisis, when President Kennedy faced down the Russians and saved the world from disaster? Very good—that's how you're supposed to remember it. When Dr. Mario Lazo, a refugee from Castro's Cuba, took a different view (in the 1968 book *Dagger in the Heart*), the media pretty much ignored his findings and stuck to the Official Version. Comes now confirmation of Dr. Lazo's account, from one N. S. Khrushchev (*Life*, December 18, 1970).

1. *Did the Soviet leaders show signs of fright when caught bringing missiles into Cuba?*

Lazo: Khrushchev's customary bluster vanished and he began to show unmistakable symptoms of fear, which increased as the days passed.

Khrushchev: We were trying to disguise our own anxiety, which was intense. I spent one of the most dangerous nights in the Kremlin. I slept on a couch and I kept my clothes on. I was ready for alarming news to come any moment.

2. *In spite of the overwhelming military superiority of the U.S., did Washington indicate to Moscow that it would not pursue a strong course?*

Lazo: As the days passed and the Kennedy Administration showed by its actions and inactions that it was anxious not to provoke the USSR, Khrushchev's alarm subsided.

Khrushchev: We kept in mind that as long as the United States limited itself to threatening gestures, we could afford to pretend to ignore the harassment.

3. *Did the U.S. give the Soviets a secret commitment that it would prevent an invasion of Cuba by other nations?*

Lazo: This question has been raised through the years and no clearcut answer has been provided by Washington. But a "yes" answer is indicated by a Moscow radio broadcast on October 28, 1962 in which Khrushchev told Kennedy, "I regard with respect and trust the statement you made in your message of October 27, 1962, that there would be no attack, no invasion of Cuba and not only on the part of the United States, but also of other nations of the Western Hemisphere, as you said in your message."

Khrushchev: We sent the Americans a note saying we agreed to remove our missiles and bombers on condition that the President give his assurance that there would be no invasion of Cuba by the forces of the U.S. or anybody

else. ~~Finally~~ Kennedy gave in. It was a great victory for us that we had been able to extract this promise.

4. *Did Johnson repeat the Kennedy pledge?*

Lazo: On January 16, 1964, in Red Square, Khrushchev said that after President Kennedy's death Johnson had assured the USSR that he would stick to the promises made by Kennedy.

Khrushchev: Kennedy's successor, Lyndon Johnson, assured us that he would keep Kennedy's promise not to invade Cuba.

5. *Was the U.S. naval blockade enforced?*

Lazo: It was no blockade. During the 27 days that it lasted 55 ships, on orders from the White House in each case, were permitted to breach the blockade arc.

Khrushchev: Our ships headed straight through the American Navy, but the Americans didn't try to stop our ships.

6. *U.S. victory or defeat?*

Lazo: The solution of the Missile Crisis was far removed from the grandiose achievement that has been claimed for it. Although Kennedy held all the trump cards, he granted the Communist Empire a privileged sanctuary in the Caribbean by means of a "no-invasion" pledge.

Khrushchev: The Caribbean crisis was a triumph of Soviet foreign policy and a personal triumph in my own career. We achieved a spectacular success.

President Bok Is on the Phone to Mr. Nixon . . .

. . . (Even as to Mr. Wilson, President Eliot Was) and cannot be disburbed by incendiardist, anarchist, or zealot:
"For, Sir, these are not 'bums,' or as your Head Food-taster would put it, 'effete snobs';
Since when are ivy-covered mobs
Of undergraduates still-wet-behind-their-peers-with-our-new-Harvard-milk-of-magnamnesia,
Who sit all day, forgetful of tradition, upon their, er, pots of leisure,
And dream and read the Five Foot Shelf of Kooks, updated, unabridged, and annotated;
Where, give a man an inch of brain, he takes a Yard of Harvard grass,
And con, I say, condescends to run the ass
Embly line, or gasworks from the top,
Swell a progress, start a scene or two, advise a cop;
Since when, Sir, is this race of Eliot-breed
To heed
The common push of men?
You fervently hope, Sir, only what?
If things get hot
Again in Cambridgetown that we're unanimous,
Mister Bok, the fuzz will not be quite so . . .
puseyllanimous."

JOHANNES EFF

Campus Newspapers

Stanford's first major blowup of the season centers around the campus newspaper, the *Stanford Daily*, in which an article, written by an ex-student currently doing time, calls for the beating and knifing of political informers. As prime examples of "snitches" the article names two students, one of whom, Ray White, is chairman of the conservative Free Campus Movement. "The snitch is dealt with very harshly when exposed," says the writer, drawing on his postgraduate prison work. "One common method is to cover the snitch with a blanket and beat him until he has the consistency of chocolate pudding or Jell-O. . . . In other prisons, snitches are often punctured with sharp instruments."

New Stanford President Richard W. Lyman waded into his first full-fledged campus fray, bravely. Labeling the article "a journalistic atrocity," he sharply countered the "freedom of speech" argument advanced by the editors to justify printing the piece: "It is not an expression of opinion when you incite people to stick knives in other people," said Lyman. "One of the problems of our time is precisely that people are becoming so accustomed to violence that we are in danger of becoming a desensitized society." The response of the editors was predictable. One co-editor, Bill Freivogel, pointed out that the article "was very illuminating on what revolutionaries are thinking," while the other, Marshall Kilduff, took the standard approach, pointing out that we all "live in an era when a lot of violent rhetoric is said over and over again," the main users of which, of course, are "our national leaders" who are "the chief criminals in that respect. . . ."

President Lyman stuck to his guns, emphasizing that the article threatened individuals with "serious personal harm and maybe even murder . . . in the most thinly veiled terms." Furthermore, he pointed out, the *Stanford Daily* is a subsidized paper, supported by student fees. Perhaps, he concluded, the paper should think seriously about severing its financial connections with the university. This threw the student journalists into a tizzy, you may be sure, prompting one to lament the lack of potential subscribers.

But the principle involved nevertheless seems a sound one. Campus newspapers—the *Daily Californian* at Berkeley, for instance, the *Daily Cardinal* at Wisconsin, the *Spectator* at Columbia—enjoy both a captive readership and a guaranteed income, thus allowing the editors to feel free from the restraints of law and good taste which might limit the editorial freewheeling of those papers forced to compete for readers. Each of the papers mentioned above is constantly guilty of what President Lyman terms atrocities. And each might quickly discover a latent sense of responsibility if forced to compete in the market. It has worked at Harvard, where the *Crimson* is now completely self-supporting. And increasingly levelheaded.



Notes

Asides

■ *August 25, 1964. Memo to WFB [from Mrs. Vogt, Secretary].* I have been asked to pass this message to you from the American Federation of Television & Radio Artists—you cannot appear on any more radio or TV recordings unless you become a member of AFTRA.

■ *September 1, 1964. Dear Mr. Groot [AFTRA Executive Secretary, 724 Fifth Avenue]:* Would you be kind enough to tell me what membership in AFTRA involves, whether I am free to join or not join according to my desires, and what are the sanctions used against me in the event I should opt not to join? . . . WFB

■ *September 3, 1964. Dear Mr. Buckley:* . . . membership in AFTRA involves the completion of a membership application and payment of the applicable initiation fee of \$200, and semi-annual dues of \$15 for the first dues period. Since AFTRA has a union shop in all of its collective bargaining agreements, it is necessary that persons who appear on radio or television in AFTRA-covered employment, be members of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists within the period prescribed by law. In such cases, all of the minimum terms and conditions of the applicable AFTRA Code or contract would prevail, . . .

■ *September 22, 1964. Dear Mr. Groot:* In the light of the fact that I have apparently no alternative than to join your union, I shall proceed to do so, under protest. Would you be kind enough to send me the application form? WFB

■ *October 20, 1964. Dear Mr. Sage [AFTRA]:* You have now asked me to promise to abide by the constitution of the union without ever letting me see a copy of the constitution. Would you kindly send me one? WFB

■ *November 3, 1964. Dear Mr. Sage:* Now that the television series I was to have hosted has been canceled—without the public viewing of a single one of the programs—do I assume that you no longer require me to join your union? Please advise. WFB

■ *November 4, 1964. Dear Mr. Buckley:* In answer to your letter of November 3rd, please be advised that you are still required to be a member of AFTRA, although the television series which you were to have hosted has been canceled and have not been broadcast . . . send me a fully executed application for membership with your check in payment therefor. M. Sage.

■ *November 6, 1964. Dear Mr. Sage:* I do not know why it is so difficult to get concrete answers from officials of AFTRA, but I shall patiently try once again to get some. I would like to know: 1) Why am I now being required to join AFTRA even though I am not appearing any more frequently than I have any year during the past ten years on radio and television? 2) Is it my understanding that I would not be allowed, if I were a member of AFTRA, to appear on programs free of charge, which is what I do most often? 3) Do you require others who appear irregularly on radio and television, and who do so primarily to disseminate a point of view, to join AFTRA? For instance, is Congressman John Lindsay a member? Is Kieran O'Doherty a member? Is Roger Baldwin a member? 4) Why do you persist in sending me an application form which asks me to "apply" for membership in AFTRA, when the actual situation is that you are requiring me to join? 5) Assuming that by the exercise of sheer force you are in a position to deprive me of what some might consider my constitutional right to speak my mind on programs to which I am invited—by, for instance, calling a strike against any producer who invites me—are you prepared to accept a payoff: I.e., can I simply send you a check for whatever sum of money you exact as tribute, and spare myself the humiliation of joining an organization I do not wish to join? WFB

■ *January 1, 1966. Designation and Application for Membership in the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists New York Local.* 1) I hereby apply for membership in [AFTRA] and agree to be bound by each and every provision contained in the Constitution . . . and by any and all by-laws, rules, regulations, orders and resolutions of the Federation and the Local whether now in force or hereafter enacted. I agree that the said amendments, by-laws, rules, regulations, orders and resolutions are binding upon me as of the date of their lawfully taking effect, regardless of the rights, if any, vested in me prior to such date. 2) I hereby designate [AFTRA] as my exclusive agent for collective bargaining purposes in any and all matters dealing with the radio industry, television . . . 3) I authorize my employer to deduct from my compensation my dues, assessments and obligations or portion therefore to [AFTRA] . . . 5) Enclosed herewith is \$ Signed

■ *November 23, 1970. Memorandum from William A. Rusher to WFB.* I asked Mr. Lewis [of AFTRA] . . . what would happen if Buckley were to withdraw from membership in AFTRA as a matter of principle. Mr. Lewis replied, cordially but firmly, that "principle" can also be spelled "principal," and that it would not be in Mr. Buckley's interests to withdraw, since in that case AFTRA would instruct WOR-TV (with which the union has a contract) to stop broadcasting *Firing Line*. He went on to say that AFTRA has similar contracts with every other television station in New York City, so that

(in effect) *Firing Line* could not be broadcast . . . at all.

■ New York, January 12, 1971.—William F. Buckley Jr. filed suit today challenging the constitutionality of a requirement that he join and pay dues to a private organization or be denied his right to work on the public airways. (The announcement was made at a press conference this morning in the Overseas Press Club.)

The suit was filed in the United States District Court, Southern District of New York, by Mr. Buckley and National Review, Inc. against the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA) and RKO General, Inc.

The formal complaint states that: "The requirement that plaintiff Buckley be a member of defendant AFTRA, pay dues and obey orders as a condition of his continued employment in the television and radio industry and the threatened denial of his access to television and radio stations place an unreasonable restraint upon plaintiff Buckley's right of free speech, deprives him of his property without due process of law, and breaches his rights under the First, Fifth and Ninth Amendments of the Constitution, which Amendments guarantee to the individual citizen freedom of association, thought, speech and political action, freedom to pursue the occupation of his choice, freedom from unwarranted invasion of privacy, and other fundamental personal and private rights."

At the press conference Mr. Buckley said: "The requirement that an individual pay dues to a private organization in order to work is a modern writ of indenture; the requirement that he do the same in order to express an opinion over the public airways involves an act of coercion by a private organization operating under government sanction.

"What is involved here is a fundamental civil and human right. And unless this country has lost hold of its reason, the Supreme Court will acknowledge, as I am

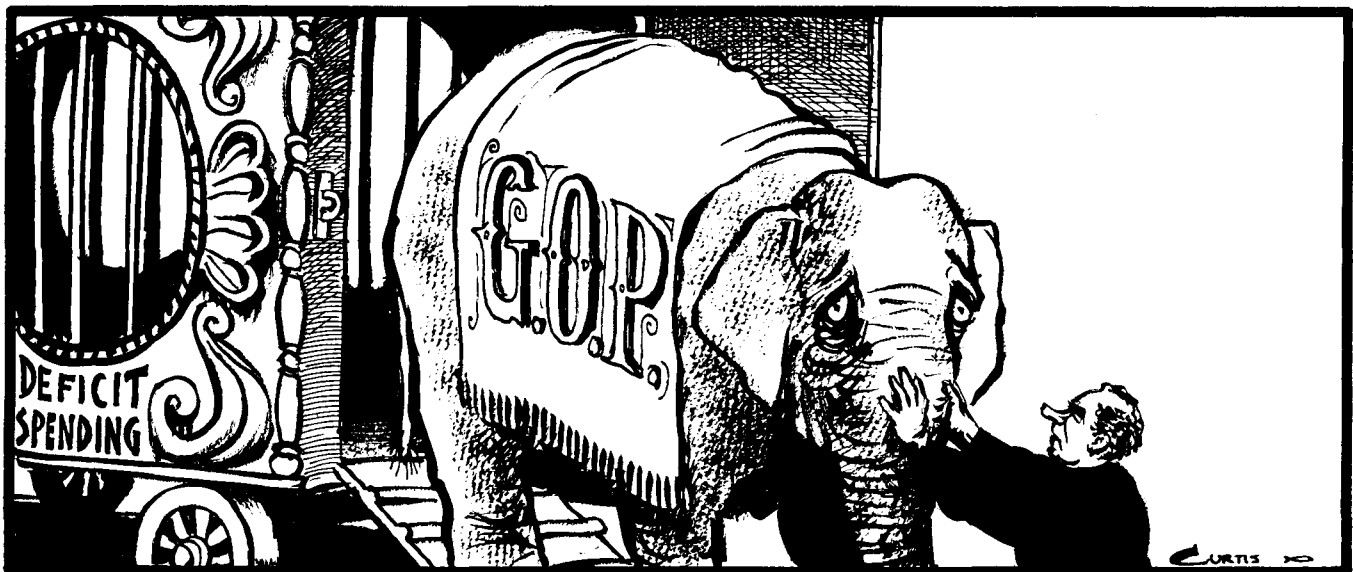
confident it will, the right of the individual to exercise his rights as guaranteed under the First Amendment, even if he declines to join a union.

"Many of the people in the country labeled as 'liberals' eloquently object to any compromise of the individual rights of the citizen against the government—particularly free speech and privacy. I think it is time they join me in demanding that the individual have a right to join or not join, to pay dues or not pay dues to a private organization without surrendering his right to speak.

"I expect formal and informal support from other analysts and commentators and critics who use the broadcast media. I shall welcome them to join me in this lawsuit as co-plaintiffs. Who they will be remains to be seen, but I do know that for instance Sander Vanocur is opposed to compulsory union membership for newsmen, as is Frank McGee. Eric Sevareid recently emphasized the importance of press 'freedom from any and all attempts by the power of government to coerce it in any way,' which is precisely what the National Labor Relations Act has done, if its provisions are taken by unions as authorizing the restriction of free speech. Walter Cronkite has expressed his general concern with control, intimidation, and harassment of speech, and has said that 'we must fight tenaciously to win through Congress and the courts guarantees' of our freedoms. I cannot believe that he is unconcerned over attempts by private organizations to abuse the First Amendment by corrupting the law.

"I hope that these gentlemen, and others, will join me. And I invite the American Civil Liberties Union to declare its solidarity with us." Mr. Buckley said that he already accepted an offer of legal assistance from the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, which was organized to help American citizens assert their legal and constitutional rights when menaced by compulsory union arrangements.

—WFB



"Now back up."

COUNTDOWN TO '72

LETTER
FROM
WASHINGTON

Watch for a swing to the left by the Nixon Administration during the next few months. The move is carefully calculated, motivated partly by analyses of 1970 election results and partly by pressure from worried Republican governors, many of whom are liberals whose support Nixon needs in '72.

Among indicators of the leftward move will be a big push for revenue sharing; more frequent expressions of "concern" for the poor and urban problems by the President himself; heavy deficit spending; a vigorous crackdown on industrial pollution; and an emphasis on Vice President Agnew's new role as problem-solver and advocate for the cities.

This swing left anticipates a 1972 middle-of-the-road battle with Edmund Muskie. Disraeli is being mentioned again in Washington, and high Administration officials who said the same thing about welfare reform in 1969 are now calling revenue sharing the President's "great leap in the dark."

■ Democratic Presidential hopefuls are already hyperactive. Front-runner Edmund Muskie has hired an impressive staff and gained the backing of several party elders, among them W. Averell Harriman, who will advise him on foreign policy. Equally important, Muskie has enlisted former Maryland Senator Joseph Tydings. Tydings, hitherto closely associated with the Kennedy faction of the Democratic Party, has stated publicly that Edward Kennedy's declaration of non-candidacy in 1972 must be taken at face value. Some party insiders assert that Tydings' comments were designed to lock the Massachusetts senator into his earlier position. Others believe it was merely the most polite way out of the Kennedy camp. Tydings failed to pave the way for entry into the 1970 Maryland gubernatorial race by Kennedy brother-in-law Sargent Shriver, which will hardly make Shriver look

kindly on Muskie's candidacy. But authoritative sources report that relations between Shriver and Kennedy are not so close as they used to be and they tend to discount Shriver's influence on Democratic politics in '72.

The closeness of the Tydings-Muskie alliance is illustrated by the hiring of two former Tydings aides, Dan Lewis and John McEvoy, for top campaign staff positions. Although Muskie already enjoys low-keyed backing from numerous party moderates such as Senator Jennings Randolph of West Virginia, Tydings represents the first important breakthrough for Muskie into the liberal faction. Even Southerners aren't complaining about the Muskie candidacy. Observers report that Wilbur Mills, the powerful Ways and Means Committee chairman, may be discreetly boosting Muskie among his colleagues in the House.

■ Senator George McGovern, by far the most vocal candidate, has set up headquarters and made several public declarations of his intention to run. Party regulars discount McGovern's chances for several reasons: 1) He is too eager; 2) his base of support, both geographically and ideologically, is too small; 3) he has failed to win the former supporters of Senator Robert Kennedy to his cause, and has alienated the Kennedy clan by trying; and 4) he talks too freely to reporters, thus exposing his strategy to opponents. Most other Democrats regard McGovern as a cause of friction rather than as a serious contender for nomination.

■ Edward Kennedy's behavior has been ambiguous. The release through his office of a list of U.S. prisoners held in North Vietnam has not won him the plaudits he expected. The incident even brought hasty denials of involvement by other Democratic hopefuls, notably McGovern. Insiders say that the Kennedy strategy for 1971 will be to try to push Muskie to the left, either to

undercut his middle-of-the-road support, or "to make him a better liberal." The Muskie strategists are keeping Kennedy at arms' length until Muskie is strong enough to bargain on his own terms.

■ Henry Jackson (Wash.), a big winner in his race for re-election in 1970, has a boomlet going among Southerners and moderates. Incoming Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen might back Jackson if the Washingtonian's candidacy takes hold. But Jackson, who turned down President Nixon's offer to make him Secretary of Defense in 1969, seems a more likely prospect for the Vice Presidential nod on a Muskie ticket.

Significantly, most of the Democratic hopefuls, including slow starters Harold Hughes (Iowa) and Birch Bayh (Ind.), are in the Senate, from which vantage point it is easy enough to get wide coverage in the national media when they are ready to move. Perhaps the most important distinction among the contenders at the moment is Muskie's seeming serenity and the genuine nervousness of everyone else. Said one observer, "Muskie is running for President and everybody else is running for the nomination."

■ On the Hill there's mingled amusement and amazement at the many ways in which John W. Gardner contrives to keep his name and face in the public eye. His latest caper was to bring suit through his new, and apparently well-heeled, front, Common Cause, to knock out District of Columbia regulations that permit candidates for office to set up "dummy" committees in the district as a way to funnel contributions to various out-of-District election campaigns. Gardner critics point out that Congress is set to take up the whole question of campaign contributions this year and that Gardner's suit was probably more successful in getting front-page coverage (*Washington Post*) than it will be in court. □

REPORT TO THE PRESIDIUM



THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

Excerpt from "1970: Year of Breakthroughs in the Struggle against Imperialism," year-end report prepared by the Secretariat of the Politburo of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

1) From the global standpoint, the primary development of 1970 was our attainment of a position of over-all equality in strategic armament. We now surpass the imperialist camp in number of land-based intercontinental missiles, and far surpass its level in total power of ICBM warheads. Although the enemy's sea-borne missiles still exceed ours, our undersea missile carriers are rapidly expanding in number and capability. Already they are able to maintain patrols along both North American coasts. His strategic aircraft also exceed ours in number and effectiveness, but they are diminishing in numbers and aging, and are vulnerable to our defense systems. The two camps are at varying stages in the development of newer systems: antimissile defense, multiple re-entry warheads, orbital systems etc. But even if it is granted that the enemy's total strategic capability is still somewhat more powerful than our own, the remaining disparity is not enough to constitute a strategically significant difference. The two strategic arms are now *of the same order*. The enemy's generation of strategic superiority, and thus the era of imperialist blackmail, is ended. His failure to exploit that superiority while he enjoyed it is one more proof of the decadence of imperialism.

It will be impossible for the enemy to recover the lost superiority. We need only hold him entangled in political clinches, like the SALT negotiations, and nourish the anti-Pentagon sentiment on his home front, to assure the prolongation of the present equalization until we are ready to break through into the next phase, strategic superiority.

2) In 1970, the Red Fleet—heretofore limited to the role of coastal defense with some wider submarine capability—became a global navy. We now have a permanent force in the Mediterranean. Because of the lack of aircraft carriers, it is less powerful quantitatively than the U.S. Sixth Fleet, but it has destroyed the imperialist monopoly of Mediterranean power and counterbalanced the imperialist presence. We now also have units continually present in the Atlantic, the Far Eastern waters, the Indian Ocean and even the Caribbean.

In the transformation of the Red Fleet into a global force, the role of the general marine should not be overlooked. The entry of our commercial ships into all important international routes, including those formerly reserved for imperialist vessels (e.g., Europe-Australasia, Europe-South America) and the global operations of our fishing fleets, scientific and surveillance ships, are an integral part of the global sea power now wielded by the camp of peace and socialism.

3) In 1970, paralleling the advance overwater, we established a solid presence in the Middle East and North Africa. Already more harbors and airfields are available to us than to the imperialists, who have in fact been ousted from their key base in Libya as earlier from their bases in Algeria and Morocco. Our Mideast position is being extended in depth. It is not confined to the Mediterranean littoral, but is increasingly supported from the southern shores of the Red Sea, from Aden, Yemen, Eritrea and Somalia.

4) In 1970, there took place also the first breakthrough in continental Latin America—the region that has for a century and a half been the subservient colonial hinterland of American imperialism. The victory of the revolutionary coalition in Chile would, of itself, have defined 1970 as a year of

breakthrough. It is of special significance, and in no sense accidental, that the major—and decisive—component of the Allende coalition is the Chilean Communist Party. This party is not only the largest and strongest in Latin America, but has always been the most loyal in its revolutionary solidarity with the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

5) In 1970, the policy shift of the West German government under the Social Democrat Willy Brandt brought liquidation of the Hallstein Doctrine. This Doctrine, though nominally West German, was in reality a key expression of U.S. imperialist policy, expressing the imperialists' refusal to recognize the postwar boundaries. Even further, Brandt's initiative implies acceptance of the so-called Brezhnev Doctrine of the right and duty of all socialist states to defend any socialist state against a threat to socialism.

6) In 1970, the historical movement of American imperialism, for the first time since the Second World War and in fact since the nation's founding, shifted to a general retreat on all fronts and in all dimensions. The retreat from Vietnam was only the most publicized sector. Parallel movements set in all along the line: troop withdrawals from all continents; closing of bases of all sorts at home and abroad; the withdrawal from Libya, already cited; neo-isolationism and more extreme psychic withdrawals (secession of the students and intellectuals); cutting down of the space program and drastic reduction of all aerospace activities; non-resisting withdrawals from expropriated properties; heavy cuts in the armed forces, in weapons projects and in scientific research; weakening of technological advance in the name of "ecology"; widespread supplanting of expansive, outward-looking attitudes and philosophies by subjective, inward-probing moods and movements . . . □

WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES progressive leftist intellectuals really angry today? Is it Eton and Harrow, the Ritz Hotel, the Stock Exchange, Blenheim and Chatsworth, White's Club or Boodle's, or any other citadel of upper-class privilege? No, it is not. When they write about such places it is always with some sneaking sympathy, if not open indulgence. Indeed, it is difficult to recall a healthy diatribe against these targets for years and years.

What I can remember, however, is a stream of progressive leftist vituperation addressed to, of all places, Blackpool. Every time the party conferences are held at Blackpool some journalistic champion of the progressive cause will take time off to write an abusive article about Blackpool. The sight of the idle rich at play no longer provokes the progressive's indignation. They will wax lyrical about the joys of St. Tropez and Positano, at the drop of a free ticket, or even without one. But let them get so much as a glimpse of the working class enjoying themselves and they blow their top.

Blackpool, it seems, offends against the contemporary idea of what socialism is all about. Socialism, according to the progressive high priest, Anthony Crosland, is about improving the quality of life—a process to which Blackpool is peculiarly resistant. It is vulgar and ugly, dirty and dilapidated, serves tea with oysters, advertises crude, racist spectacles like “a Negress with two heads,” lacks a sufficiency of ice cubes, has no bidets, and not even enough bathrooms.

If you want to know what Blackpool is like, imagine a seaside resort designed to be as unlike anything recommended in the glossy magazines as conceivably possible and you will just about have it. Yet the trouble is that it continues to be immensely popular. Working-class families still flood to it from all over, and actually enjoy themselves, the brutes.

They are the new traitors to socialism, the wicked, reactionary monsters who, instead of struggling to create a new Jerusalem, are perfectly happy with Blackpool. Blackpool, therefore, must be destroyed. It is a threat to the civilized society. I really think that if the progressive intellectuals had their way they would raze Blackpool to the ground and sow it with salt.

Let me give a few examples. On the

LETTER FROM LONDON

Snobberies of the Left

PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

outsskirts of Blackpool there rises an extraordinary castle of a hotel, a great castellated monstrosity, in which I usually stay. The rooms are far from comfortable, and it is none too clean. Yet the staff is very friendly, call one “luv,” and generally do their limited best. It is the kind of hotel that could not possibly give even the most unsophisticated visitor a social inferiority complex, which is presumably why, despite its deficiencies, it has so loyal a clientele. I cannot pretend that I enjoy staying there, but if one arrives determined to rough it a little it is really quite an experience.

Well, a few years ago that great progressive journalist, James Cameron, put up in this particular hotel, and the very next day caused a sensation by attacking it with almost hysterical fury in the columns of a national newspaper. It reminded him, he wrote, of Buchenwald and Belsen. A few years later that other liberal luminary, Bernard Levin, waxed equally indignant, publicly insulting the mayor in his parlor by describing the town as “an elephant's anus.” And this year we had Peter Jenkins, the *Guardian's* columnist, maintaining the anal analogy with a piece entitled “Golden Piles.”

“Staying in Blackpool,” he writes, “is a kind of psychodrama, a symbolic fight for existence in a desert of pleasure and plenty. . . . It excites in the visitor a sense of national decline. The idea of building a ‘better tomorrow’ or a ‘new Britain’ becomes inherently ludicrous after a few days here. . . . Those of us who hate the place . . .” and much more in the same vein, including a crack at the “smartest” restaurant in town, the Louis Seize, “named, it is said, after the chef who invented tin opening by guillotine.”

The extraordinary thing is that Cameron, Levin and Jenkins are kindly people who do not usually go around insulting their fellow citizens for the fun of it. But when it comes to Blackpool they seem to feel that they have some form of mission to perform, even

if this does mean behaving in a manner that is really rather bloody.

Take, for example, that crack in Peter Jenkins' article about the Louis Seize restaurant. Admittedly it is not a very good restaurant. But it tries touchingly hard to be good, and obviously has a local reputation for being quite something. I would imagine that the kind of very dressed-up French food that it serves, with lashings of wine and brandy poured into every dish, is just what its clientele expect and appreciate. So what is the point of gratuitously holding up the chef and the head waiter to sophisticated mockery? (Or do these liberal columnists assume that the working classes cannot read.) I happened to be with Peter Jenkins when he arrived for dinner at this same restaurant on the day his contemptuous reference to it had appeared. Needless to say, the staff were very hurt, as the hotel staff had been by Cameron and the mayor by Levin. Did this worry Mr. Jenkins? Not a bit. From the bold and proud way in which he strode through the room, gathering the plaudits of his fellow sophisticates, one would have thought he had struck some splendid blow for freedom.

THE QUESTION THAT INTERESTS ME is why a seaside resort which manifestly gives much pleasure to those for whom it is designed should have become such a provocation to the progressive Left. The answer, I am afraid, is rather clear. Blackpool maddens them because it shows the working class as they really are rather than as the Left would like them to be; shows them to be resolutely old-fashioned, provocatively insular, shockingly low-brow, persistently racist (how the crowds love that two-headed Negress), unashamedly vulgar, very easily pleased with very little, undemanding and uncomplaining—the very opposite, that is, of what socialism would wish them to be.

To walk down the streets of Blackpool
(Continues on page 98)

*Yes, says the author, America is an imperial power,
a 'reluctant empire,' like it or not.
Understand that and you start to understand
what we're doing in Vietnam*

What Liberals Don't Understand about Vietnam

J. BERNARD BURNHAM

THOSE WHO ostensibly address themselves to the crucial issue of the day, "why Vietnam?" generally fall into one of two camps: those who are explaining why we should "get out" and those who are explaining why we should "win." Excepting the more extreme members of each group, it is usually difficult to elicit an exact definition of what is meant by "getting out" or "winning." It is only on the more immediate and tactical level that they tend to become more specific and explain why we should or should not bomb, negotiate or recognize the Vietcong. In the meantime, the formal object of inquiry, "why Vietnam?" has become lost in the concern for the immediate.

A slightly deeper analysis of the question is attempted on relatively rare occasions. There are those who introduce the falling-domino theorem, sometimes along with the threat-of-China corollary, but these advocates seldom go further and explain why these propositions should mean so much more to us than to El Salvador or Iceland. The "get out" crowd, in all its various guises, is similarly unsatisfactory. Their basic responses, after all the protective rhetoric is stripped away, are "we are led by incompetent and power-blinded generals and politicians" or "we are victims of our own illusions."

That is quite a list, indeed, if it were the generals and politicians who got us into Vietnam. It includes every chief of staff and President for the past fourteen years, and for accuracy's sake should also include all their beribboned and high-powered advisers. I find it hard to believe that our ruling elite has deteriorated so disastrously in so short a time.

Those who belong to the "illusion" school usually blame "blind anti-Communism" as the motive force behind our



commitment. But these men, like Ronald Steel in his *Pax Americana*, have mistaken the banner of anti-Communism for the engine of intervention. Like other good banners, anti-Communism gives the troops in the field a rationale for being there, but it doesn't generate the deep and powerful forces that put them ashore in the first place. Bernard Fall once pointed out that the first Marines went ashore at Danang in 1845, seizing the governor and vice governor of the province in an attempt to halt the execution of a French Catholic bishop. Whatever the rationale for this act, it couldn't have been blind anti-Communism.

Just what is it that brings a nation to the point where it sends an army 600,000 strong halfway around the world, at a cost of billions of dollars a year, to fight a war for a small half-nation? The answer for a country with the political institutions of the United States cannot be found in evil or incompetent leaders, or in a populace which lies awake at

night thinking of falling dominos and the implications of Chinese Communist control over the Southeast Asian rice-bowl. Our leaders remain generally responsive to the electorate—but the public does not yet consist of 200 million geopoliticians.

A Pacific Power

The answer to "why Vietnam?" can be found in the logical and coherent pattern that connects the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, our annexation of the Philippines, Commodore Perry's coercion of the Japanese government in 1853, and the presence of U.S. Marines in Danang in 1845: The United States is a Pacific power. To some men, such a statement is a truism, incapable of explaining the here and now. But this easy dismissal is responsible for more irrelevant verbiage on the question of Vietnam than any other single factor. The fundamental implications that flow from the fact that the United States is a Pacific power do much to explain why we are where we are, and how we got there.

For the United States, like most of the truly great imperial states in history, power has been acquired despite our intentions. We did not consciously seek the capability of destroying a goodly portion of the world any more than we sought the ability to feed the entire subcontinent of Asia. We do not consciously seek to dominate the solar system any more than we sought to become the supreme power of the Pacific Basin.

But the question of whether we have sought power or whether it has been thrust upon us is irrelevant. We possess it, and with that power come complications. Powerful nations, like powerful

people, get involved, and they get involved whether they like it or not. Two examples come to mind.

In 1898, almost accidentally, Admiral Dewey sank the Spanish fleet at Manila Bay. Suddenly, the United States was faced with the classic dilemma of the world power: If we withdrew from the scene, other powers would fill the vacuum; if we remained, we would have to assume responsibilities far graver and more delicate than entered the minds of those who gave the Admiral his sailing orders. Many of today's historians suggest that our response was to "grab the Philippines," and add in parentheses, "to our eternal shame." More perceptive writers recognize the complex and compelling forces that led to our annexation.

Consider a more obscure case. In 1934, under the Silver Purchase Act, the U.S. Treasury became obligated to make heavy silver purchases at artificially high prices. The result was to drain China of her silver, adding to the serious deflationary pressures in that country and ultimately driving her off the silver standard. Chinese resentment of this Act, whatever its original intent (some backers had claimed it would help the Chinese), continues to this day. Powerful nations get involved.

Getting Involved

Powerful nations, particularly those like the United States, which have a reputation for honoring treaties and assisting the victims of natural or man-made catastrophes, are repeatedly drawn into exercising their good offices and their force of arms in behalf of distant peoples. The Russo-Japanese War was ended in 1905 by a treaty signed at a naval base in New Hampshire. In 1950 the United States went to the aid of South Korea, a country excluded from our publicly announced defensive agreements.

Perhaps the primary dynamic ingredient which leads to American involvement on distant shores is American idealism. You can rattle off half a dozen doctrines and slogans, such as "freedom from aggression," the Stimson Doctrine, the Open Door and "self-determination," which derived most of their public support and not a little of their original inspiration from the ideals of the American tradition. I for one think very little of the mythology behind these ideals (how many slaveowners

voted for the Bill of Rights?), but we should never underestimate their power to influence the course of American action abroad. This idealism explains, for example, the intense interest of American press, public and President in the mechanics of a South Vietnamese election or the specifics of South African apartheid legislation.

Sometimes this idealism—when backed with American power—has results, and sometimes it goes no further than congressional (or Presidential) oratory, but it has remained surprisingly consistent in its sentiments. In the period 1894-1896 an extraordinary amount of agitation arose in the United States over large-scale massacres in the Ottoman Empire. Both houses of Congress urged the Executive to act, and at one point, when it was rumored that the Sultan was about to expel American missionaries, a U.S. publication called for our government to protect these men in their work "and, if necessary, to spend its last dollar and call out its last soldier for that purpose."^{*} I find little difference between the origin of these sentiments and those behind the words of John P. Roche, a former chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, who has stated, "I am not prepared to turn fifteen million South Vietnamese over to the Communist terror regime in Hanoi."

The propelling force of American idealism is personified by statesmen such as Woodrow Wilson and John Foster Dulles. Although their attempts to impose an ideal moral world-order were notably unsuccessful, both men were responsible for immense extensions of American power and responsibility throughout the globe. By sending troops to Europe, Wilson shattered the restraints imposed on American foreign policy since Washington's Farewell Address, no matter how hard he tried to make the distinction between "allies" and "associates." By constructing a chain of alliances that circled the world, Dulles formally placed the United States in the position of a "superpower." Not surprisingly, the public pronouncements of these two men, as well as all authoritative accounts of their lives, continually stress the pervasive influence of idealism and religion on their actions.

A remarkable and contemporary expression of the expansive force of idealism is found in a recent book, *The Obligations of Power* by Harlan Cleveland,

^{*}In Ernest May, *Imperial Democracy*, p. 29.

currently U.S. Ambassador to NATO and a former Assistant Secretary of State. Mr. Cleveland sounds like an updated version of Woodrow Wilson when he observes:

The interests of the United States are global, and that is good fortune for all the world's people, and most of their leaders . . . our policy is to make the world safe for diversity.

To equate idealism, such as Mr. Cleveland's, with anti-Communism, or anti-Communism with "globalism" is a serious error. Harlan Cleveland has never gotten very high marks from the anti-Communists, but his sentiments are anything but isolationist. Similarly, it is not anti-Communism that motivates Washington to send Air Force C-130s to the Congo to help crush white mercenaries, or to prepare plans for a naval blockade of South Africa. "Out of Vietnam—And into South Africa" is the rallying cry for many American intellectuals.

Our Own Empire

Having admitted idealism is a key ingredient in the dynamic nature of American power, it is profitable to return to the question of power and involvement. If you interpret the word "empire" properly, most reasonable men admit that America has in fact acquired an immense empire. Our military bases, "binational cultural centers," foreign aid administrators, Peace Corps contingents and satellite-tracking stations encompass the world. Our government's economic decisions—how much we will pay for an ounce of gold or a pound of coffee, how many apple pickers from Canada or field-hands from Jamaica should be permitted to harvest our crops, the terms on which we dispose of our agricultural surpluses and mineral stockpiles—can and do affect almost every country in the world. Our schools and universities are besieged with applicants from other lands. American businessmen and financiers play critical roles in the development of other countries.

Yes, despite the overwhelming mass of evidence, there persist among us those who would flatly deny the existence of an American empire. To Senator Fulbright, such a notion is "romantic nonsense" and "arrant imagining." To Fulbright an American empire calls to mind such slogans as "manifest destiny" and "making the world safe for

democracy." But this is where the Fulbright position collapses: The American empire is not a slogan or an abstract idea. It is a fact, although until very recently we have left it to our friends and enemies abroad to emphasize this point. The Senator and others (but not the more serious students of imperial histories) have been led astray by the apparent paradox that empire has been achieved with a set of policies that have generally been the opposite of imperial. In the same breath, Harlan Cleveland can protest that American foreign policy "is the opposite of empire" and still affirm that it is "to make the world safe for diversity." Any nation which is going to "make the world," be it Red, diverse, fascist or Christian, has signed up for a considerable piece of the action.

A more moderate position comes from those who ask us to avoid "an absent-minded drift to unwanted empire." The problem here is that our good intentions consistently bear more fruit than is ever wanted. We wished to free the Cubans from the harsh rule of Spain—and acquired the Philippines; a successful attempt to halt Japanese aggression in the Far East resulted in General MacArthur ruling Japan; in trying to persuade the North Vietnamese to leave their southern cousins alone we are assuming a protectorate over Thailand. Perhaps the solution to "drifting" would be to make the captain and his navigators more aware of the current and tides through which they are passing.

This brings me to a fundamental point in the analysis of "why Vietnam?" An essential ingredient in the thought of all those who oppose our current presence in Vietnam is the assumption, usually left unstated, that the United States can pick and choose the time, place and form of its interventions abroad. In criticizing President Kennedy's statement that the U.S. "is the watchman on the walls of world freedom," a task "imposed by destiny rather than choice," Ronald Steel rejoins that this role "is imposed by ourselves and subject to whatever limitations we choose to put upon it . . . no task of global omniscience is imposed upon us that we do not choose for ourselves."

It is this assumption of collective rationality and freedom of choice that permits Steel and others to pay little attention to what he derides as "historical compulsions." But the belittling of "his-

torical compulsions" only illustrates what should be called "the arrogance of rationalism." The accidents of geography, the character of peoples and the cumulative course of history impose a multitude of constraints upon the acts of all states and their leaders. Few historians can avoid using the word "inevitable" at some point to describe certain events, be they the election of a president (or an emperor) or the outbreak of a war or insurrection.

The fact of empire has certain consequences, one of which is that people turn to us for help, whether it be to feed their starving masses, to shelter their citizens from the effects of natural disasters, to help balance their budgets



and balance of payments, or to protect them from aggressors. Our role is compounded by the fact that beyond the spheres of Chinese and Russian influence, our empire literally covers the earth. Throughout this immense empire people are continually turning to us for help in solving their own (sometimes insoluble) problems. The extent of our response is usually dominated by the fact that we *are* in a position to help, rather than by hair-splitting considerations of whether or not we *should* help. As President Johnson put it, reluctantly and somberly, "We did not choose to be the guardians at the gate, but there is no one else."

The "guardians at the gate" concept might be expanded by those who want to develop a realistic and convincing rationale behind America's role in the world. There is a desperate and universally felt need for a coherent, believable and dynamic political formula that will accompany America's in-

volvement in world affairs. The litany of "free elections" and "self-determination" is not enough. Having deluded ourselves about the importance of the mere mechanics of liberty and justice, we have sought to foster our illusions on others, a process which facilitates our involvement in their affairs but which cannot provide a coherent, believable basis for intervention.

It is rather ironic that it is the great liberal verbalists who have done so much to destroy the earlier political formulas which accompanied Western involvements throughout the world—"manifest destiny," "carrying the white man's burden," the "civilizing mission," and anti-Communism—who feel this need most intensely. I can recall the spectacle of a bright young college professor denouncing our role in Vietnam before an audience of several thousand students, and almost simultaneously confessing in anguish that the liberal political formula for involvement in the world was indeed "bankrupt."

A Pluralist World?

Arthur Schlesinger, in his chronicle of the Kennedy Administration (*A Thousand Days*), relates how he was requested by the Chief to produce "a fresh analysis of the conceptions of history and the future implicit in the democratic position." Nothing was ever done in the form requested by the President, but Schlesinger, at least, was satisfied that he had found part of the answer in a "pluralist world" based on the concept of "diversity."

Another Kennedy White House staffer, Richard Goodwin, with even closer and longer access to the center of power, has written in *Triumph or Tragedy?* of his Washington tour: "Few intellectual tasks were more frustrating than the occasional effort to answer the great, the ultimate question of foreign policy, the *Whys?*"

In his book on Vietnam, Goodwin tried to answer the question with the proposition that "the central world purpose of the United States" is "the creation of an international world-order of independent states."

How can any nation of vigorous, practical and hard-working people be expected to fall into rank behind these latter-day banners of abstract phil-Hellenism? "Pluralism and diversity." "An international world-order of independent states." It is the political and

intellectual poverty of statements such as these that reputedly moved André Malraux to remark: "The United States has no over-all policy in the world and is thus committed to a sterile and negative position of containment and the maintenance of positions of strength."

The abandonment of the older political formulas, in particular the abandonment of anti-Communism (which served relatively well despite the lack of explicit positive foundations) has made the proper exercise of power more frustrating than ever for the United States. The charge by men such as Theodore Draper and J. William Fulbright that the United States has used its power in an erratic and frequently misguided manner has more than a little substance behind it. Power applied without an adequate political formula is erratic, capable of bruising and bewildering friend and foe alike, and leaving those on whose behalf that power is wielded uneasy, if not positively confused.

Only a consistent policy can be a truly successful policy, and only an adequate political formula can furnish the framework that is going to make consistency possible. A consistent policy founded on a believable political for-

mula reduces the need for the use of force, permitting national objectives to be achieved without committing the full power and prestige of the country to every crisis.

Elbow Room

What is needed is a political formula that will reflect the virtues, vices and dreams of the American people. Such a formula would logically follow the specifications laid down by the Italian political scientist, Gaetano Mosca. It would promise "justice and equality," offer a "refuge for good souls," utilize "the spirit of abnegation and sacrifice," but also leave "a little elbow room for pride and vanity." To be effective, in other words, the political formula would provide for "a fusion, in certain amounts, of lofty sentiments and low passions." It is on this rock of "low passions" that the proposed formulas of the liberal verbalists continually founder. So long as Messrs. Goodwin, Schlesinger and Cleveland refuse to incorporate the base metal with the pure, they will meet failure.

This is not a call, as some might charge, for a cynical arrangement of the psychologically appropriate phrases that

will coalesce support for American foreign policy. It is not cynicism to try to find the common denominator that impels American youth to join the Peace Corps—or to volunteer for an additional year's duty in Vietnam; that motivates our Executive to propose and our Congress to approve a foreign-aid program, the likes of which the world has never seen; that motivates American businessmen abroad to accept rates of return on their investments that local entrepreneurs would never consider; that moves American citizens to help save monuments on the Nile and paintings in Florence. Measure the phrases such as "pluralism and diversity" and "an international world-order of independent states" against the fundamental drives illustrated here, and you can see the yawning gap which confronts us in developing a satisfactory and solidly based political formula.

The preceding paragraphs imply a certain inevitability to the course of American foreign policy in the Pacific, as well as elsewhere. Viewed in the light of the essentially unconscious growth of American power throughout the world, it is hard to deny that change for the United States has meant expansion. This expansion has occurred despite a conscious desire on the part of most of our leaders that it not take place. Ours is indeed a reluctant empire—but not the first in history. The challenge inherent in our expansion is to use our acquired power wisely and well. We have assumed, whether we like it or not, entangling alliances, written and unwritten, throughout the world. To deny that these alliances, obligations and responsibilities exist is to play the ostrich; to remain ignorant of the forces that have brought us to our current position is to confess an incapacity to provide that vital, crucial political formula which will guide our actions and explain them to others.

This is the true tragedy of Vietnam. We are engaged in a bloody and costly conflict because the forces which have made us a Pacific power have driven us, for the second time in fifteen years onto the Asian mainland. And yet we are deprived, by our own intelligentsia, of any coherent rationale for this massive expenditure of men and money. The intellectual challenge of Vietnam is clear and pressing: Find the political formula that will give expression to the fundamental American drives so clearly at work. □



"Why Mark, baby! You've been drinking!"

In Guinea: Stuff and Nonsense

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

"Let the jury consider their verdict," the King said, for about the twentieth time that day.

"No, no!" said the Queen. "Sentence first—verdict afterwards."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Alice loudly. "The idea of having the sentence first!"

THERE ARE EVENINGS down at the foot of 42nd Street, when mist rises off the river and the great glass tower of the United Nations vanishes behind a luminescent scrim. The General Assembly's building squats like a plump rook upon a chess board; the escalators run backwards, and it all seems a Looking Glass world. Through the haze, one perceives the delegates of many lands, as gaudily impassive as kings and queens and one-eyed jacks, and some are writing "rational" upon their slates and some "irrational." These are the times of ordered disorder and formal disarray, when it seems entirely right and proper that sentences precede verdicts, and verdicts precede evidence, and evidence is not really evidence because words mean what Humpty Dumpty chooses them to mean, and neither more nor less.

Such a time arrived a few weeks ago, when Sékou Touré, the president of Guinea, complained to the Security Council that his nation had been invaded by armed forces under the direction of the Portuguese government. This was said to have happened early in the morning of Sunday, November 23 and, in fairness to His Excellency, this much may be conceded: When M. Touré's outraged demand for UN troops arrived on the desk of U Thant, the universal assumption was that *something* indeed had happened.

After all, M. Touré had been through these things before. For twelve years, he has survived as president of Africa's coup-of-the-month club. Though his free and democratic republic of Guinea is neither free nor democratic, in that neither opposition parties nor foreign journalists are tolerated,

and though this beloved African leader is almost universally despised by his African brothers, and though M. Touré for years has harbored terrorists who prey upon neighboring Portuguese Guinea, whose complaints, to be sure, have gone utterly unheard by the same Security Council that proved so attentive on this Sunday afternoon—though all these factors were in the minds of the Security Council on Sunday evening, this was the Looking Glass world. So a Looking Glass commission was called into being, and forthwith it was flown off to Conakry, there to conduct an objective inquiry into the grave charges of M. Touré.

And so. And so this distinguished five-member commission, headed by the delegate from Nepal, Mr. P. B. Khatri, arrived via Dakar on the afternoon of November 25. And at 10 o'clock on the morning of Thursday, the 26th, the commission sat down for its first objective session in the Palais du Peuple. As it turned out, M. Ismael Touré, Minister for Financial Affairs, was presiding.

This M. Touré began by introducing his colleagues from the government of Guinea, Messrs. Camara, M'Baye, Condé and Abdoulaye Touré. The visitors were welcome, after a fashion. "We expect," said M. Touré, and here the first ominous note was heard, "that there will be occasion for you to ask questions—with the aim of informing you completely on the points of view of the Guinean government."

So it was to be: "We can therefore state," said M. Touré, "that on 22 November we were the object of an armed aggression. The instrument of that aggression was, essentially, a naval unit. To the government and the people of Guinea, the author of that aggression is known: It is the Portuguese government. No Guinean doubts that evident fact."

And because no Guinean could doubt that evident fact—at least no Guinean faithful to M. Sékou Touré—how could anyone else doubt the evident

fact? No fact-finding mission was necessary. What was asked of the United Nations was military aid. At the very least, a resolution was demanded denouncing Portugal by name. And in the opinion of the Guinean government, "the resolution, not having mentioned Portugal as the aggressor, is therefore lacking in objectivity."

The evidence of Portuguese aggression, said M. Touré—this was nearly three hours later, toward the end of an uninterrupted harangue—the evidence "will be put at your disposal, and we believe this can be done very quickly, that we do not need a week for that. In a few hours we can have all these proofs. . . . We would oppose systematically any inquiry that would take more than 24 to 48 hours."

Chairman Khatri at last gained his feet. The mission, he said, realized His Excellency's frustration and disappointment at having a mission of chairborne diplomats instead of airborne troops. But His Excellency should realize that the UN has no troops. Only a mission of inquiry could be dispatched. "But we are always seized of the colonial and imperialist problems, and we cannot be accused of being indifferent to the armed assault against this great country."

"This special mission," said Mr. Khatri, "would not like to embarrass you or put you in a difficult position, or, far less, to hurt you in your great sense of dignity. . . . You have very kindly indicated the documents or witnesses to be available. After this session, I should like to consult my own colleagues and the members of your delegation to find out the order in which it would be convenient for you to produce them and for us to investigate or to hear from them."

So the objective inquiry began. The first witness that afternoon was M. Camara, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The second witness, at 4:45, was a captain in the Guinean army. The third, fourth and fifth witnesses also were officers in the Guinean army. The sixth witness was a Togolese national. M. Camara handled the questioning himself.

On Thursday evening, the objective truth-seekers heard from one Aristides Pereira, a member of the political bureau of the anti-Portuguese PAICG. On the night of the invasion, the witness

had heard people speaking Portuguese. Mr. Khatri thought this important; it was excellent, he thought, that a tape of the invaders' speech had been prepared.

At 8 P.M., the UN mission heard from a Belgian teacher, Michel Lange. He had been accosted, though not harmed, by the invaders. At first, "they obviously spoke Portuguese." On reconsideration, the persons he heard "spoke too quickly, and I could not identify any words." Then again, "all I can say is that they spoke Portuguese." As for the uniforms, "I am not sure." It was very dark, Mr. Lange added, "and in addition it was very foggy." The chairman thanked the witness for his cooperation. And that was the end of the first day.

The fact-finders reconvened at 9:25 A.M. on Friday, November 27. They were to hear that day from no fewer than 33 additional witnesses, but as it turned out, they heard little or nothing from any of them. The ubiquitous M. Touré once again took over the questioning.

A Dr. Dimov "couldn't distinguish the persons shooting." He did not ask where the invaders were from; he supposed they were Portuguese. He could not see the warships, or distinguish numbers or names. His testimony ran on for quite some time, while a roomful of ambassadors awaited outside. M. Camara, as stage manager of the morning production, became increasingly fretful.

"Excellencies," he said, "I would like to suggest, because this procedure seems to be a bit long, that for the ambassadors already waiting you might perhaps prepare a little questionnaire and we could give it to them. . . . Then they would know in advance what answers are expected from them, and that they may save us some time—because I wish to remind you of the fact that these are diplomats, and that our conduct toward them should be correct—perhaps we should not ask them insidious questions—and our behavior should be appropriate, because I must tell you that they have come here freely to make their contribution to the work of the mission and to state the truth."

"Your Excellency," responded Mr. Khatri, "I am grateful for your suggestion. I think, as you very correctly pointed out, that we would not like to pose any questions that would be awkward to them."

Whereupon the ambassadors entered one by one, to be introduced by M. Touré, and thereupon they were questioned, chiefly by Comrade Mamady Condé, director of Guinea's Department of Economic Affairs. Among the witnesses was M. Stokely Carmichael, late of the United States, who appeared with M. Rashidi, ambassador from Tanzania. M. Carmichael was not of great assistance. "Whether or not it was a Portuguese invasion," he said helpfully, "we don't know." He was followed by the ambassador from Yugoslavia, who had attempted to observe the invaders through his binoculars, but alas, "I could not notice through the binoculars whether they were European or black; it was a distance at which one cannot notice the color of the face."

M. Condé (interpretation from French): "We are going to appeal once more to the United Nations Mission to be concise, precise and brief in the questions it wishes to put."

THE AMBASSADOR from Bulgaria testified for twenty minutes.

The Chairman: "I do not think we will bother you with any questions."

The chargé d'affaires from Czechoslovakia appeared: "I myself cannot state exactly the origin of the aggressor." One Vlada Stravala was with him. He had seen the invaders; at least "we saw their shadows. . . . We heard them give orders, but we couldn't understand what language they were speaking." The Rumanian ambassador had been summoned, but M. Camara had decided to withdraw him as a witness: "Since he has not seen any of this with his own eyes, but has only heard about it, he has decided not to make a statement."

So it went, hour after hour. One ambassador supposed, another assumed, another simply could not say. Toward the end, about 4:30, the chargé d'affaires from Syria, Mouzaffar Koubrously, took the stand. He was convinced he had witnessed an act of Portuguese aggression. Why was he convinced? He had seen troops with his own eyes. "In addition, I have heard Radio Guinea stating that it was an act of aggression by the Portuguese, and I believe that the official statement of the government of the Republic of Guinea is a document; it is the truth; it is an axiom that does not need to be demonstrated."

The Chairman: "Thank you very much. The Mission is very grateful."

In the hours that followed, the UN fact-finders heard from a group of prisoners, hand-picked by M. Touré and associates, and also questioned by M. Touré and associates. The UN delegation had a final farewell session on the afternoon of Saturday the 28th, at which the Chairman declared that his mission was very touched at the kindness shown by His Excellency Sékou Touré. The Chairman was very grateful to the Guinean government, "because without your active participation we would not have been able to do anything substantial."

The Mission then returned to New York, and on December 8, the Security Council, four members abstaining, adopted a resolution endorsing the conclusions reached by its objective investigators. The Council "strongly condemns the government of Portugal for its invasion of the Republic of Guinea; demands that full compensation by the government of Portugal be paid to the Republic of Guinea for the extensive damage to life and property caused by the armed attack and invasion, and declares that the presence of Portuguese colonialism on the African continent is a serious threat to the peace and security of independent African states."

The transcript of the Mission's hearings runs to more than two hundred pages. The richness of this travesty cannot be adequately conveyed by condensation and summary. Suffice it to say that in the whole of the record, there appears not one scintilla of hard, objective, independent evidence to support the Guinean charges. This was a hanging jury—an Alice in Wonderland jury—and its convictions were as fixed in advance as the spots on a deck of cards.

Against this verdict in advance, the remonstrances of Portugal went unheard. The contemptuous hoots and sneers of the skeptical French and African press, directed against Guinea, counted for nothing. While the ambassador from the United States sat docile and silent, the Security Council voted its condemnation. Whereupon the Council rose, and the mist rose, and the delegates went forth once more to proclaim the UN as the world's last best hope for peace. When Lewis Carroll wrote the script, it was all a dream. But this imbecility, *mes enfants*, was for real. □

FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY the economic thinking not only of the public, but of the majority of economists, has been dominated by a myth—the myth that the labor unions have been on the whole a highly benevolent institution, and have raised the level of real wages far above what it would have been without union agitation.

Yet the blunt truth is that labor unions cannot raise the real wages of all workers. We may go further: The actual policies that labor unions have systematically followed from the beginning of their existence have, in fact, reduced the real wages of the workers as a whole below what they otherwise would have been. Labor unions are today the chief antilabor force.

To realize why this is so we must understand what determines wages in a free market. Wage-rates are prices. Like other prices they are determined by supply and demand. And the demand for labor is determined by the marginal productivity of labor.

If wage-rates go above that level, employers drop their marginal workers because it costs more to employ them than they earn. They cannot long be employed at a loss. If, on the other hand, wage-rates fall below the marginal productivity of workers, employers bid against each other for more workers up to the point where there is no further marginal profit in hiring more or bidding up wages more.

So assuming mobility of both capital and labor, assuming free competition among workers and free competition among employers, there would be full employment of every person wanting and able to work and the wage-rate of each would tend to equal his marginal productivity.

It will be said—it has in fact repeatedly been said—that such an analysis is merely a beautiful abstraction and that in the actual world this mobility and competition of labor and capital do not exist. There is, some economists have argued, in fact a wide range of “indeterminacy” in wages, and it is the function of unions to make sure that wage-rates are fixed at the top rather than the bottom of this wide range or zone.

We cannot reply that this indeterminacy theory is wholly wrong; but what we can say is that in relation to the problem of unions it is unimportant. The indeterminacy theory is true of wages only to the extent that it is

true of other prices; it is true where the market is narrow or specialized. It is true, say, of highly specialized jobs in journalism, or in the universities, or in scientific research, or in the professions. But wherever we have large numbers of unskilled workers, or large numbers of workers of approximately equal special skills—such as carpenters, bricklayers, painters, plumbers, printers, trainmen, truckdrivers—this zone of indeterminacy shrinks or disappears. It is the craft unions themselves who insist that their individual members are



so nearly equal to each other in competence that all should be paid an equal “standard” wage. And so we have the paradox that unions exist and flourish precisely where they are least necessary to assure that their members get a market wage equal to their marginal productivity.

It is true, of course, that an individual union can succeed in forcing the money wage-rates of its members above what the free-market rate would be. It can do this through the device of a strike, or perhaps merely the threat of a strike.

Now a strike is not, as it is con-

stantly represented as being, merely the act of a worker in “withholding his labor,” or even merely a collusion of a large group of workers *simultaneously* to “withhold their labor” or to give up their jobs. The whole point of a strike is the insistence by the strikers that they have not given up their jobs at all. They contend that they are still employees—in fact, the only legitimate employees. They claim an *ownership* of the jobs at which they refuse to work; they claim the “right” to prevent anybody else from taking the jobs that they have abandoned.

So wherever a union makes a gain by a strike or strike-threat, it makes it by forcibly excluding other workers from taking the jobs the strikers have abandoned. The union always makes its gains at the expense of these excluded workers.

It is important to keep in mind that the unions cannot create a “monopoly” of all labor, but at best a monopoly of labor in certain specific crafts, firms or industries. A monopolist of a product can get a higher monopoly price for that product, and perhaps a higher total income from it, by deliberately restricting the supply, either by refusing to produce as much as he can of it, or by withholding part of it, or even by destroying part of it that has already come into existence. But while the unions can and do restrict their membership, and exclude other workers from it, they cannot reduce the total number of workers seeking jobs.

THEFORE, whenever the unions gain higher wage-rates for their own members than free competition would have brought, they can do this only by increasing unemployment, or by increasing the number of workers forced to compete for other jobs and so comparatively reducing the wage-rates paid for such jobs. All union “gains” (i.e., wage-rates above what a competitive free market would have brought) are at the expense of lower wages than

LABOR

Nobody Wins at Leapfrog

HENRY HAZLITT

otherwise for at least some if not most non-union workers. The unions cannot raise the average level of real wages; they can at best distort it.

As the gains of union workers are made at the expense of non-union workers, it is instructive to ask what proportion union members constitute of the whole working population. The answer for the United States is that union members now number less than twenty million, or less than 25 per cent of the total civilian labor force of 82 million. So the unions are in a distinct minority. This might not be a fact worth emphasizing if there were reason to think that the average earnings of union workers were below the average earnings of non-union workers. But while exact statistical comparisons are difficult, the evidence is conclusive that the case is the other way around. It is the most skilled occupations that are most unionized. In brief, we have a one-quarter minority of already higher-paid union workers exploiting a three-quarters majority consisting mainly of already lower-paid, non-union workers.

The "gains" of union labor, of course, need not be solely at the expense of non-union labor; they may be at the expense of some union members themselves. The higher wage-rates gained in a particular industry (assuming an elastic demand for its product) will lead to less employment than otherwise in that industry. This may force unemployment on some of the members of the "successful" union. The result may then be that smaller *aggregate* wages will be paid in that industry than if the higher wage-rate had not been successfully imposed.

In addition, any union's "gains" (continuing to use "gains" in the sense of any excess over what would have been free-market wage-rates) will be at the expense not only of unemployment or lower pay for other workers, but also at the expense of consumers, by forcing them to pay higher prices. But as the great bulk of consumers consists of *other workers*, this means that these gains will be at the expense not only of non-union workers but also of other *union* workers. The real wages of the mass of workers are reduced whenever they have to pay higher prices.

Once it is clearly recognized that the strike-threat gains of each union are at the expense of all other unions, in forcing their members to pay higher prices for products, the whole myth of "labor

solidarity" collapses. It is this myth that has kept the strike-threat system going. It has created sympathy for strikes and tolerance of the public harm they do. The mass of the working population has been taught to believe that all workers should support every strike, no matter how disorderly or for what unreasonable demands, and always to "respect the picketlines," because "labor's" interests are unified. The success of any strike is thought to help all labor and its failure, to hurt all labor.

This is the modern Great Illusion. In fact, each union's extorted "gains," by raising a specific industry's costs and therefore its prices, reduce the real wages of all other workers. The interests of the union are mutually antagonistic.

I have been talking so far about the damage done by strike settlements, or by "gains" extorted under the threat of strikes; I have not yet talked about the damage done by the strike itself. While strikes are ostensibly directed against the employers, most of them are, in fact, directed against the public. The idea is that if enough hardship is inflicted on the public, then the public will insist that the employer capitulate to the strikers' demands.

THERE ARE TOO MANY INSTANCES of this to list. For examples I need not go outside of New York City in the last few years. The bus and subway strike. The strike of garbage collectors, bringing filth, stench and the threat of epidemic. The strike of twenty thousand employees of the Consolidated Edison Company, New York. Grave-diggers' strikes. Hospital-employees' strikes.

The chief leverage of the strikers, in securing capitulation to their demands, was the amount of hardship and suffering they were able to inflict not directly on the employers, but primarily on the public. Yet who are the public? They are in the main other workers, including other union members.

This is a war of each against all. The minute division of labor in our modern industrial society, which makes our society so productive, also makes it increasingly interdependent. So each of hundreds of unions successively tries to exploit the community's dependence on that type of worker's special services and on the harm it can do by withholding them and preventing anybody else from supplying them. A huge motor

truck can be brought to a halt if someone removes either the carburetor, or the distributor, or the battery, or a single wheel, or even disconnects a single tiny wire. In the same way the industry of a country can be brought to a halt while the workers in a single small branch proudly demonstrate the indispensability of that branch's specialized services.

But how can anyone seriously believe that this disorderly, haphazard, violent, extortionate, piecemeal, every-union-for-itself scrimmage is the way to promote social justice? So far from the strike-threat system promoting cooperation within the "labor movement," each union leader, to hold his job, tries to prove that he can get more for the members of his particular union than others can get for their unions. This is



a competition in leap-frogging, with each union trying to end up as the one on top of the heap.

Insofar as unions have a theory of wage formation, it is an obscure form of the Marxist exploitation dogma. They never suggest that wages can be rightly determined by a free market. The employer, one gathers, never voluntarily pays what is "fair," but raises wages only in response to a strike-threat or "tough bargaining" on the part of the union leaders. And the gains that the union wins for its members are solely at the expense of the employer and of his "excess profits." The gains of the workers simply leave less for the capitalists.

Now this can indeed be true in a particular industry and for the short run. When capital has already been invested in a particular industry, in an expensive specialized plant or heavy equipment—say in a railroad, a steel plant, or an automobile plant—that capital is locked in—is held hostage, so to speak—and it is possible for the unions to exploit it. The plant will continue to be operated, and to employ labor, as long as it can still earn anything above running expenses, regardless of how little it yields on already invested capital. But new fixed capital will not be invested in that plant or industry, at least not until it can once more earn as much return as new capital invested elsewhere. Meanwhile that industry will not expand, or will actually shrink, and employment in it will decline.



This result may follow because of the success of previous strikes or strike-threats in that particular industry. But when strike-threats have become chronic in an industry, and seem likely to be systematically repeated, new capital and new investment will no longer venture into that industry. Union tactics may discourage and gravely reduce new investment elsewhere.

Hence the strike gains of unions are at best short-run gains. In the long run they not only reduce employment but reduce the real wages of the whole body of workers. For the productivity of industry, and the real wages of workers, are dependent on the amount of investment of capital per head of the working

population. It is only because American industry has invested more than industry in any other country—some \$25,000 for every production worker—that American wages so greatly exceed wages in any other country.

Labor unions can exploit only capital already invested, and they can do this only at the cost of discouraging new investment. By discouraging new investment, by discouraging maintenance, expansion and modernization, labor unions in the long run reduce real wages below what they would otherwise have been.

But this is not the only way in which labor unions reduce real wages. They do so, and they have done so since the beginning of their existence, by jurisdictional disputes, by forcing the employment of more workers than are necessary for a particular job, by systematic hostility to piece-work, by forcing slowdowns, soldiering and malingering on the excuse that they are combating unreasonable speedups, and by countless other featherbedding practices.

IN A FAMOUS REVIEW of William T. Thornton's book on labor, John Stuart Mill wrote in 1869:

Some of the unionist regulations go even further than to prohibit improvements; they are contrived for the express purpose of making work inefficient; they positively prohibit the workman from working hard and well, in order that it may be necessary to employ a greater number. Regulations that no one shall move bricks in a wheelbarrow, but only carry them in a hod, and then no more than eight at a time; that stones shall not be worked by the masons at the place where they are to be used; that the plasterers shall not do the work of plasterers' laborers, nor laborers do that of plasterers', but a plasterer and a laborer must both be employed when one would suffice; that bricks made on one side of a particular canal must lie there unused, while fresh bricks are made for work going on upon the other; that men shall not do so good a day's work as to "best their mates"; that they shall not walk at more than a given pace to their work when the walk is counted "in the master's time"—these and scores of similar examples . . . will be found in Mr. Thornton's book.

These depressingly familiar practices, in short, have been going on for more than a century. The unions, far from "maturing," show not the slightest sign of abandoning them, but create more unreasonable obstacles than ever, still

combat the introduction of labor-saving machinery, refuse to accept discipline, and undermine more and more management's ability to manage.

To reduce productivity is to reduce wages. These shortsighted practices can only have the long-run effect of keeping real wages far below what they could otherwise be.

It remains to say a word about the effect of unions on inflation. Contrary to a widespread opinion, unions do not directly cause inflation by using strikes or strike-threats to force wage-rate increases. The normal economic result of such excessive wage-rate increases would simply be to wipe out profit margins and create unemployment. But under the influence of Keynesian ideology and present political forces, it is assumed to be the duty of the monetary authorities to issue more money to raise prices to make the higher wages possible and payable. As long as this ideology lasts, wage increases forced by unions will lead to progressive inflation. This process must eventually collapse, with disastrous consequences. Meanwhile, by forcing faster increases in money wage-rates, it further promotes the popular illusion that unions raise real wages.

I have hitherto not mentioned a very important point that consistently escapes the Keynesians and all union apologists. A distinction that must be constantly kept in mind is that between *wage-rates* and *aggregate wage income*. Whenever higher wage-rates lead to disproportionate unemployment, they reduce labor's total income. Therefore such forced wage-rate increases are not a gain for labor but a loss for labor. But the union leaders and the union apologists put all their emphasis on winning higher wage-rates.

To sum up. The net over-all effect of union policy historically has been to reduce productivity, to discourage new investment, to slow down capital formation, to distort the structure and balance of production, to limit and discourage apprentices, to drive non-union members into lower-paid jobs, and to reduce the total production and the total real wages and real income of the whole body of workers below what it otherwise would have been. The rates of wages that are best for the workers as a whole are those that are determined in the free market.

There are, no doubt, areas in which the activities of unions, wisely directed, (Continues on page 97)

MR. NIXON'S COURSE?



PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

In the communication I maintain with responsible conservatives around the country, there is discernible—particularly in the weeks since the election—a mounting disquiet concerning the course of the Nixon Administration. This has been especially apparent since Nixon's television conversation with the network representatives January 4. The broadcast has been taken as a foreshadowing of the general lines of his policy in the second half of the Administration.

The tenor of that conversation gave cold comfort to conservatives, both in what was said and what was left unsaid. I write this before the State of the Union Message and the Budget Message, which will have to be carefully examined for confirmation or modification of the television interview. But some questions can certainly be tentatively raised.

Let me begin with what was left unsaid. Despite the growing apprehension among reliable experts and commentators about the deteriorating strength of our military power relative to the USSR, the President neither set those apprehensions to rest with an authoritative rebuttal nor met them with any indication of proposals for strengthening our position. The Budget and other Presidential proposals may cast a different light on this problem.

There seems to be strong evidence, however, that, if present trends continue, the Soviet Union will soon equal and surpass us in the vital area of military research and development and will within a foreseeable term of years have achieved a first-strike missile capacity that could destroy all our land-based missiles. Whether the Polaris-Poseidon capacity of our submarine fleet would then retain sufficient destructive ability to deter the Soviets from a first-strike attack remains doubtful, in an area where doubt is unacceptable. For if the Soviets should ever

have such available power, there can be no doubt that they would use it or blackmail us with the threat to use it. No program, no expenditure for education, for welfare, for the control of pollution, makes or can make sense until first things are taken care of. Our national existence depends upon the credibility of our deterrent, and the maintenance of an unquestionable deterrent power must be the first charge on our revenues.

THE PROBLEM is patently not one of money. One thing Nixon certainly made clear is that he was determined to present a budget in deficit. Apart from the multitude of welfarist programs begun with small amounts and now coming on stream with \$1-, \$2- and \$3-billion budgets for fiscal '72, he is proposing, in the Family Assistance Plan and in national health insurance, programs that will surely reach an additional figure which can be conservatively estimated at around \$30 billion a year. The conclusion I have come to, after discussion with men better equipped than I to estimate defense needs, is that something like \$20 billion additional a year would guarantee us a sober, if minimum, maintenance of our strategic position. The issue is not one of procurable funds but of priorities.

This is not to say that a conservative fiscal policy would not better meet the urgent primary needs of defense by paring domestic expenditures and, if necessary, raising taxes. It is only to insist that if existing programs cannot be sufficiently cut and if higher taxation is not regarded as appropriate, then deficit financing can legitimately be invoked for the first responsibility of government, defense. We have always financed our wars by borrowing; deficit financing is as legitimate to defend our national existence, while avoiding the desperate eventuality of all-out nuclear war.

Unhappily, however, in Nixon's positive statements deficit financing was presented not as a last alternative for defense, but as a good in itself. Riding roughshod over the evidence of economic theory and the statistical fact that today, after a period of restraint, the inflation rate still stands at 4.6 per cent, he cheerfully sat, like Canute on the beach, and promised us that his "expansionary" plans would control inflation.

WHAT ARE THE ENDS to which Nixon indicated that he would apply the revenues of his inflationary budget? They are borrowed from the agenda of liberal paternalism—welfare measures that will augment the already massive burden on the shoulders of the producing population, measures of a kind that experience has shown widen and make permanent the problems they purport to solve. Revenue sharing (and even here the intent seems to be to bypass the constitutional hegemony of the states over their constituent cities) is the only putative exception. Most disquieting was the confirmation of an intention long rumored that he would make the passage of the Family Assistance Plan the principal aim of the White House in the coming session. That measure would pauperize twelve million more Americans with a federal dole; its burden upon the national revenues, massive to begin with, would, like Social Security, predictably double and double again in response to the pressures of the twenty million or more who would receive its largesse; it would be the first step to a "guaranteed annual income," which would legitimize the right of the drone to live on the worker.

These are some of the adumbrations of White House policy that are disturbing many responsible people. It is to be hoped that cooler and more conservative counsel will prevail before the emergence of a settled policy. □

Ramadan

ALEC WAUGH

I AM an early riser, and in Tangier on November 30, I woke soon after five. I switched on my reading lamp, drew back the curtains and opened the shutters. It was either the last day of *Ramadan*, the month when no Moslem may smoke or take any sustenance, not even water, between dawn and dusk, or the first of *Shawwal*, the tenth month and the start of *Aid El Seghir*, the little Feast Day, the three-day festivities that are generally known as *Aid El Fitr*. I wanted to know which it was. On the previous night I had not heard the explosion of the nine cannons that would have signaled the sight of the new moon. As I read, I waited for the sound of the single cannon that would, if *Ramadan* was not yet ended, announce the start of another fast day. Half-past five became quarter to six. Six became quarter past. My window faces east. The sky began to lighten. Surely by now a white thread could be distinguished from a black, the proof that the day had started. By half-past six it was almost daylight. Had I failed to hear the cannon? I am slightly deaf. In the field behind my flat, a building operation was in progress. At seven there were no workmen there. *Ramadan* must be over. A minute later I knew for certain. A Moroccan strolled down the street smoking a cigarette. My heart filled with jubilation and relief.

I was later to learn that I had not heard the full cannonade the night before because in the rain and mist the new moon had not been visible on the coast. It was not till after nine that the news that it had been seen in the desert had been telephoned through to Rabat. I had been watching television.

I leave my flat every morning around eight o'clock to walk three-quarters of a mile to a café for my breakfast. Usually the pavements are thronged with school children and the streets noisy with cars hurrying to offices. This morning there was a Sabbath calm, but even so a feeling of happiness was in the air. The man who sells me my

morning newspaper shook my hand warmly, a grin on his face. Inside the café, the chief tourist guide to the El Minzah, Tangier's traditional hotel, always sits at the table next to mine. During *Ramadan* he had continued to sit there, tall, grave, distinguished, waiting with folded arms until it was time to begin his duties. This morning he was there again, a cigarette between his fingers, a cup of coffee on his table. His face wore an expression of fulfillment.

Fulfillment is, I think, the keyword to the general atmosphere of *Aid El Fitr*. Something has been achieved. *Ramadan* was the month in which "the Koran was revealed to show the right way to men and to serve as a criterion between right and wrong." It is a period of prayer, of piety, of contemplation and of charity. The rites of the fast are scrupulously observed, and on "*Le Jour du Destin*," which comes four or five nights before the end of *Ramadan*, the mosques are crowded. The Mohammedan accepts the deprivations of the fast not as a penance but as a privilege.

THE KORAN STATES, "God desires your ease not your discomfort." But *Ramadan* imposes a heavy strain upon the faithful. The Mohammedan calendar is divided into twelve lunar months, so that within thirty years a full cycle is completed. Winter is the least exacting time for a daylight fast. During the Second World War, I spent three summer *Ramadans* in Baghdad. The daylight lasted for sixteen hours. The temperature varied between 100° and 120°. It was a dry climate. One was thirsty all the time. Employed in military intelligence, I frequently had occasion to visit the Iraqi CID. Invariably when you call upon an Arab you are offered a cup of coffee. In *Ramadan* when I visited the British Technical Advisor I was still offered that cup of coffee, but it was brought in a covered cardboard box so that the sight of it should not

acerbate the strained nerves of the faithful. By the end of the day the Iraqi officials who had been starved since dawn were mentally in a state of stupor. One held back important documents until the morning.

On the first morning of the *Aid El Fitr* the town was very quiet. The faithful were taking a long rest. They were not hurrying their coffee. In the marketplace the stalls selling the traditional *Ramadan* fare of dates and honey cakes were being cleared away. In many homes the walls were being whitewashed and the shutters were being painted.

In the afternoon there was a general emergence on the streets. It is a day of visiting between families and friends. The newest clothes are worn. The little girls put on gilded kaftans. There are exchanges of fruit and sweetmeats. In the evening the streets are festooned with colored lights. The sense of happiness is universal. The fast has been observed by every Moslem from the king to the poorest peasant. Every one is on terms of equality with his neighbor. It gives a great feeling of unity to the national life—a unity that is shared even by the aliens here, the Christians and the Jews, many of whom settled in Tangier after their expulsion from Spain.

We all participate in *Ramadan*; our lives are affected by it. Our maids arrive late in the morning. We invite guests to lunch at our own peril. Meals cannot be cooked and served efficiently by a tired and hungry staff. Dinner guests are taken out to restaurants. These are, of course, minor inconveniences, but they do make a bond between Moroccans and the foreigners who are resident in their country.

During this last month in Tangier I have been able imaginatively to enter into the moods and problems of the men and women in the streets. Today, the third of *El Fitr*, I feel closer to the heart of Tangier than I did a month ago. During that month I have heard more than one Briton and American say, "This is more than I can take. Next year it'll start in mid-October. That's when I'll take my holiday in Europe." There have been times when, fretted with idleness and incompetence, I have been inclined to agree. But today I am vividly conscious of the value of *Ramadan*. It makes me feel that I belong here and I intend to be here next autumn when that first gun goes off. □

Roots of Political Thought

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

We live, unfortunately, in the most political age there has ever been: but it is also, in some ways, the most politically illiterate. Power lies much more than it used to in the hands of rootless men, some of them simply ignorant, others who have deliberately discarded the work and warnings of previous generations. The arrogance of the militant young depends largely on the fallacious belief that their ideas are unlike any which mankind has known before and that their prophets are a new breed, instead of merely the latest specimens of a very old one.

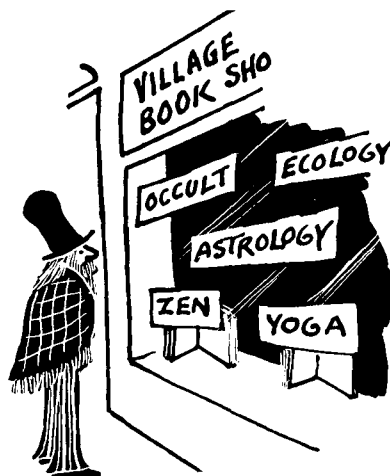
Anything, therefore, that tends to introduce modern people to the political philosophers of the past is welcome. *The Conservative Tradition in European Thought* and *The Liberal Tradition in European Thought* are substantial anthologies of political writing from Plato to Churchill. They represent the mainstream of Western thought about the organization of society, about natural law and about the tension between freedom and order. Here then, for anybody willing to learn, is a political education in two volumes, a refreshing contrast with current twittings and modish hysteria.

THE CONSERVATIVE VOLUME is edited by Robert Schuettinger, and contains extracts from Burke, Disraeli, Acton, Jewkes and Oakeshott, among others. The liberals, collected by David Sidorsky, include Locke, Rousseau, John Stuart Mill, Adam Smith, Mazzini and Keynes.

Each book has a useful introduction and notes by its editor. Mr. Schuettinger suggests that conservatism is a disposition rather than a set of doctrines, and he lists a number of what seem to him its defining attitudes. They amount, in effect, to a belief that human life has some spiritual or moral goal; that moral values are permanent and human reason limited; that liberty is more important than equality; and that a decent restraint and respect for tradition are likely to have better results than grandiose plans for reform.

It is doubtless true, as he implies, that liberals do, in practice, tend to think of progress in terms of greater, and more equally distributed, economic prosperity, a bias resulting, partly by accident, from their rationalism, their egalitarianism and their links with the

labor movement. But it is also true that liberals are willing, in the last resort, to accept less prosperity for the sake of more ideological purity; better, they think, that everybody should be relatively poor than that some should be much richer than others. So the distinction between conservatives and liberals can't really be drawn by contrasting moral with material gains. More characteristic, perhaps, is the liberals' belief that a marvelously improved state of society can be obtained by political means—and, indeed, that "the good life" can be defined in political terms.



The Conservative Tradition in European Thought

Edited by Robert Schuettinger

Putnam, 385 pp., \$6.95

The Liberal Tradition in European Thought

Edited by David Sidorsky

Putnam, 362 pp., \$6.95

The conservatives' contrasting belief was well put by Quintin Hogg: "To the great majority of Conservatives religion, art, study, family, country, friends, music, fun, duty, all the joy and riches of existence of which the poor no less than the rich are the indefeasible free-holders, all these are higher in the scale than their handmaiden, the political struggle. . . . The simplest among them prefer fox-hunting—the wisest, religion."

Conservatives are, or should be, against more political activities than they are for; which causes liberals to complain that conservative policies are "negative." This, Mr. Schuettinger argues, will not disturb the intelligent conservative at all: "He patiently reminds his liberal friend that the more important political goods are peace, liberty and justice, all of which are in their essence negative."

THE PARADOX is that the liberals too believe themselves to be primarily concerned with liberty. All the defining characteristics of liberalism catalogued by David Sidorsky are ostensibly aimed at enlarging human freedom. The trouble is that nowadays it doesn't work out that way, and on the very first page of his introduction Mr. Sidorsky shows why. "The idea of freedom," he says, "is inevitably ambiguous."

There lies the key to the paradox. Freedom, according to left-wingers of every complexion, is a "difficult" concept. The reason why they find it difficult is that they want, on the one hand, to appear as champions of freedom, and, on the other, to do things—

to make experiments in social engineering—which are clearly incompatible with it. So, rather than modify their policies in the direction of freedom, they re-interpret the concept of freedom to suit their policies.

The process of self-deceiving re-interpretation emerges all too clearly from the more recent extracts in Mr. Sidorsky's volume. It has led to some extraordinary reversals; from being champions of the individual against the state, liberals have become the chief advocates of using state power to control individuals; from encouraging the spread of enlightened civilization across the world, they have allied themselves with the nationalist tyrannies of Africa and Asia; from the true liberalism of Mill and Gladstone they have drifted steadily closer to the totally illiberal doctrines of socialism and Communism. They are, at the very least, in a frightful muddle; a muddle well illustrated by the document with which Mr. Sidorsky rounds off his book—the United Nations' Universal Declaration of Human Rights. This finest flower of liberal thinking is an eye-opener for anybody who has never read it right through before, ranging as it does from impeccable declarations of liberty, rendered absurd by the fact that Communist countries subscribe to them, down to such meaningless vaporings as that "everyone has the right to enjoy the arts and to share in scientific advancement."

Liberalism badly needs rescuing from modern liberals. It is significant, though, that two authors—Tocqueville and Hayek—actually appear in both volumes and several others would be equally interchangeable. The mainstream of Western political thought really is a single stream. Classical liberals and conservatives have no difficulty in conducting a civilized discourse with each other. The great divide is between both of them and the totalitarian concepts of fascism, Communism and the like. Those who reject the mainstream generally, though not inevitably, cross the divide. The New Left, for example, belongs to neither the liberal nor the conservative tradition in European thought. Its shrillness is utterly different from the cool voices contained in these two books. The contrast is instructive and salutary. Mr. Schuettinger and Mr. Sidorsky can shake hands. Together they have performed a very useful service. □

Gertrude Stein in Pieces

By Richard Bridgman

Oxford, 411 pp., \$12.50

LEGEND OF THE RUE DE FLEURUS

HUGH KENNER

You keep discovering that people you've known for years once met Gertrude Stein and were charmed by the experience: tea, and the Picassos to look at, and conversation and advice, and pronouncements like "America is the oldest country in the world because it has been in the twentieth century longer than any other." This does prompt reflection, like the still more Delphic "History takes time," which we'd scrutinize like a crystal ball if we'd received it from Herakleitos (and the first reflection *that* prompts is that the concept of "history" wasn't available to Herakleitos).

But I've never met a visitor to Gertrude Stein's who was turned by the experience into a reader of hers. Has she readers? Can she be read? Ernest Hemingway typed several dozen pages of *The Making of Americans*, which is the most plausible way to have been influenced by her; the mind rejects any fantasy of Hem, whisky glass in hand, communing with *Tender Buttons*. She has certainly had devotees; just twenty years ago Donald Sutherland published *Gertrude Stein: a Biography of Her Work*, which begins "This will be to explain as much as I understand of what Gertrude Stein did in writing." He caught the virus, it's clear, and his book is charming, much as she could be. You needn't buy Stein to find it illuminating on normally torpid topics like "The Novel Today."

And there's been Allegra Stewart's *Gertrude Stein and the Present*, not to mention two biographies at least, Elizabeth Sprigge's and John Malcolm Brinin's. And there were the eight Yale volumes of her uncollected writings, with generous introductions. So she's been attended to. And yet we don't really possess her, not as we possess, say, Wallace Stevens, another word-fondler.

As a legend, though, she won't die, and there's been no difficulty recently in reviving the part of the legend that makes her the time's shrewdest art-

collector. So she was, as long as she stuck to Picasso. The legend tends to ignore her later indulgence, to the extent of 130 paintings, in Francis Rose: who, Picasso said, "says nothing." A brontosaurus' mind did not move more slowly nor grow more fixated. Her aesthetic judgment was negligible beside John Quinn's.

SO IT'S HIGH TIME for the cool, patient book Mr. Bridgman has provided. He has been careful to read all her work, and in chronological order, which means not being misled by the collections that appeared in her lifetime. He doesn't evade the fact that much of her writing reflects Lesbian passions and squabbles, the hermetic surface quite simply a cover. ("I bought you a book about knitting. / Yes sir. / Repeat it. / I repeat it. I am deeply grateful to you. / Yes sir. / Little joke in the worst of taste.") He even stirs up the fascinating question whether Alice B. Toklas may not have written her own Autobiography. It became a best-seller, and even before that Gertrude, who apparently after all did write it, often felt it was a shameful compromise with her normal high absolutism ("Not at all by me / When this you see").

Some of her stylistic quirks were just natural. She really did have endless trouble with English grammar, and also trouble finding out what she was trying to say (her waspish brother Leo thought her the stupid member of the family, and they had another brother whose instruction in the making of Americans bogged down because he could never remember either "Columbus" or "1492"). Some of her "cubist" prose simply represents the will to go on though the thread was lost. And the legend-mongering was quite conscious. She herself made up the oft-told story of William James giving her "the highest mark in the course" in response to her note about not feeling like writing an exam today. Radcliffe records disclose that her grade was a C.

She wrote, doggedly, what she felt impelled to write, and theorized, Mr. Bridgman establishes, *ex post facto*. It has been easy to suppose that the writing came after the theory, and hence was "scientific" in its difficult, stubborn extensiveness.

The applicable theory seems less forbidding. Mr. Bridgman describes *Tender Buttons* (her "most original and cohesive work") as an attempt "to render

RANDOM NOTES

■ **JUST OUT:** *The Insider's Guide to the Colleges*, by the staff of the *Yale Daily News*, profiles 225 schools. If one allows for its leftist bias, it gives a good undergraduate's-eye view (Berkley, \$1.95, paper).

■ **FEBRUARY BOOKS:** *Blow It Up!* is Dikran Karagueuzian's account of the black student revolt at San Francisco State, with a lengthy portrait of Haya-kawa and a previously unpublished Stokely Carmichael speech (Gambit, \$5.95). . . . *The New Jesuits*, by ex-Jesuit George Riemer, deals with the likes of Dan Berrigan (Little, Brown, \$6.95). . . . Veteran journalist Richard Oulahan writes in depth of the 1932 Democratic Convention, with portraits of principals and on-lookers like Mencken, Howe, Cermak and Baruch, in *The Man Who* (Dial, \$6.95).

Newsweek writer and former OEO aide Samuel F. Yette weighs *The Choice: The Issue of Black Survival in America* (Put-

nam, \$6.95), and concludes that the Establishment regards blacks as "obsolete." . . . John Simon's 1967-70 criticism is collected in *Movies into Film* (Dial, \$8.95) . . . *New York Cops* is by Gerald Astor, who doesn't like them (Scribner's, \$6.95).

■ **PORNO IN THE PARLOR:** Barney Rossett, impresario of raunchy revolution via Grove Press, looks ahead a few years to the day when his *Evergreen Review* will be available in film versions via home videocassettes. But production may be a problem, reports *Variety*. CBS' EVR, for example, won't produce anything obscene or unpatriotic. "Everything we do is either obscene or unpatriotic," remarked a Grove executive.

■ **MARCH** at Doubleday looks interesting. Reuters correspondent Anthony Grey tells of his two years in a Mao jail in 777 *Days in Peking* (\$6.95). Historian R. A. Lafferty chronicles *The Fall of Rome*, watching for the parallels that make everybody squirm these days (\$5.95). James T. Farrell still writing away. His

22nd novel, *Invisible Swords* (\$6.95), is set in Greenwich Village in the late Forties. Robin Moore and attorney Henry Rothblatt collaborate on *The Green Berets Court-Martial* (\$5.95).

■ **SEAGOING EPIC:** Producer Mel Brady plans a movie on the Kennedy-Kopechne inquest for 8th Day Enterprises Ltd., promises. "an unedited and completely honest film production." Heaven help him.

■ **BUCKLEY BOOKS:** Three books by *NR*'s editor hit the stalls last year, and all had racked up good sales at year's end. *Quotations from Chairman Bill: The Best of Wm. F. Buckley Jr.* compiled by David Franke (Arlington House, \$6.95) sold 32,000, including 17,000 to the Conservative Book Club and 500 to the Political Affairs Book Club. *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?—American Conservative Thought in the Twentieth Century* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$8.50) sold 27,000 including 9,000 to the Conservative Book Club. *The Governor Listeth* (Putnam, \$7.95) sold 26,000.

the existence of various objects without ever naming them," which places it in a tradition as respectable as the Anglo-Saxon Riddles and Tennyson's "Eagle" (six words from which, isolated—*The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls*—will yield a Stein effect, the more if you can focus your attention on the inversion). Conversely, "Before the flowers of friendship faded friendship faded" doesn't so much lapse into stylized repetition as say that friendship faded before its flowers did.

And she had—Mr. Bridgman rather scants this—a lyric feel for sheer words, intermittently operative. *Bee Time Vine*: as it were a dulcet rock title: Peggy Lee should sing it. *Bee Time Vine*. Toasted Susie is my ice cream. The double bass strums. In the time of the Peanut Butter Conspiracy and Country Joe & the Fish, some carefully selected Stein ought to reach a new kind of public.

But that would be to select her for charm, and she would have wanted more austere attention. She wanted to charge prose with phenomenology, she wanted to be the compendious sage—to write, as it were, the Great American Novel, all-inclusive. But the cables of sand would never stay twisted at all. She preoccupied herself instead with pleasing grains. *Bee Time Vine*. Miracles play. Play fairly. Play fairly well. Select your song she said and it was done and then she said and it was done with a

nod and then she bent her head in the direction of the falling water. Amiably.

Amiably: that's how she wanted it. We all do. Death worried her, and Alice, and her cravings, and the need for fame and the need to be. To be, she could not forget, was to become (in a "continuous present"). She became, and died, Gertrude Stein. □

Radical Chic and Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers

By Tom Wolfe

Farrar, 153 pp., \$5.95

SKETCHBOOK OF SNOBS

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

"The man's a lifer. He's stone civil service. He has it all down from the wheatcolor Hush Puppies to the wash'n'dry semi-tab-collar shortsleeves white shirt. Those wheatcolor Hush Puppies must be like some kind of fraternal garb among the civil-service employees. . . . They cost about \$4.99, and the second time you move your toes, the seams split and the tops come away from the soles. . . . The man's shirt looks like he bought it at the August

end-of-summer sale at the White Front. It is one of those shirts with pockets on both sides. Sticking out of the pockets and running across his chest he has a lineup of ball point pens, felt nibs, lead pencils, wax markers . . . Papermates, Pentels, Scriptos, Eberhard Faber Mongol 482s, Dri-Marks, Bic PM-29s . . . lined up across his chest like campaign ribbons."

That's Tom Wolfe in high gear, describing the flak catcher, the OEO bureaucrat who hands out poverty money to the black hoods who scare him worst. And that's mau-mauing, first brought to perfection by Sonny Liston, everyone's baddest nigger, now practiced by every Negro street gang that wants a cut of the loot. *Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers* dramatizes a discovery made by slum-dwelling Negroes about a decade ago: They can scare the hell out of white bureaucrats. And it can be profitable.

WOLFE is a writer's writer, the king of the new journalists, and a writer reviewing one of his books is tempted just to quote the whole damned thing, line by line. Wolfe can do it all himself, and he needs no critic getting wedged in between him and his readers. But the snobs are mad and they're wedging in there anyhow. So a few words in Wolfe's defense.

One of the central dilemmas of our

age, as we've heard now for the millionth time, involves black rage versus white guilt, and it's this dilemma which provides the unifying theme for these two pieces. The first, *Radical Chic*, has been famous on the East Coast since last summer, when it first appeared in *New York Magazine* and provoked an astonishingly virulent reaction. The occasion for the piece was a party thrown to raise money for Black Panthers under indictment for plotting to blow up various parts of Manhattan. The party was hosted by Leonard Bernstein, classical music's answer to Liberace. In attendance were a pack of Panthers and a gaggle of Beautiful People. And Tom Wolfe, with his tape-recorder memory.

Slumming, what Wolfe calls "*nostalgie de la boue*"—literally, nostalgia for the mud—had become the in thing among the Beautiful People last summer, not an unusual phenomenon in societies in which pride in status replaces pride in function. Over the surfaces of such societies skitter the snobs, the traditional targets of satire, silly people, vain, their view of the world breathtakingly superficial. Wolfe, describing the underlying tension at the Panther Party, sums it up beautifully: "One's heart does cry out—quite spon-



taneously!—upon hearing how the police have dealt with the Panthers—one truly feels for them. One really does. On the other hand . . . one also has a sincere concern for maintaining a proper East Side lifestyle in New York Society. And this concern is just as sincere as the first, and just as deep."

Exactly. Such exquisitely sappy people, so out of touch with anything real, concerned primarily with such things as what one wears to a Panther Party, what one does with one's colored servants (for some reason one never calls servants "black"), what one feeds Panthers (*Vogue*, Wolfe points out, has already started a Soul Food column). "Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. These are nice. Little Roquefort cheese morsels rolled in crushed nuts. . . . Wonder

what the Black Panthers eat here on the hors d'oeuvre trail? Do the Panthers like little Roquefort cheese morsels rolled in crushed nuts . . . and asparagus tips in mayonnaise dabs and *meatballs petites au Coq Hardi* . . .?"

HILARIOUS, and you'd just like to leave it that way. But no dice. Wolfe is being lambasted by such types as the *New York Review of Books* literary mafia, the critical wing of the New York Family-Beautiful People-Radical Chic axis. Radical Chic critics are mad, of course, that someone has the audacity to laugh at them. It's never really fun to be part of a group that is being satirized by someone with superior intelligence and talent. But if you've offended against the satirist's traditional standards of taste, sense and morality (in this case the first two especially), you must expect it. Granted, you have the right to get mad. But to demand, as does Jason Epstein in the *New York Review of Books*, that a writer not write about what he wants to write about, is the worst sort of anti-art cultural-commissarism.

And finally it's just a plain damned shame to see a splendid piece of writing being turned into some sort of ideological touchstone, those cheering for it being rightists, those jeering, leftists. Wolfe is neither political theorist nor activist, and I like to think that conservatives could have enjoyed his piece just as much had it satirized something like the YAF shindig at Sharon.

There are, to be sure, some legitimate objections to Wolfe's work, most of them concerning matters of technique and point of view. This is a piece of non-fiction, and in many spots there's just a touch too much author omniscience. And another objection, this one strictly personal. Two short articles don't quite make a completely satisfying book. I wish that Wolfe would sit down soon and write that first-rate novel of American manners that he's capable of. Wolfe thinks of himself as a journalist, but he's a natural novelist working essentially in the great manners tradition, a Thackeray in miniature. It's time that he expanded his canvas. It's a shame to find all our potentially fine novelists writing non-fiction. And there's a country full of snobs out there, a gallery of Leonard Bernsteins, just waiting to be laughed down to size. □

Reagan and Reality: The Two Californias

By Edmund G. (Pat) Brown

Praeger, 235 pp., \$6.95

A SAD TALE FROM THE WEST

GEORGE F. WILL

Consider Pat Brown's frustrations. Twice he has placed himself between the Republic and villains, and twice the villains have prospered. They prospered losing to him and trouncing him. Brown was elected Governor of California twice, the second time in 1962 when, as is well known, he defeated Richard Nixon, thereby eliminating him from public life. In 1966 Brown opposed Ronald Reagan. Governor Reagan acquired so much momentum from the experience that two years later he could challenge whatshisname for the GOP Presidential nomination.

The waywardness of recent history has made Brown unhappy. But Brown's animus is directed less at his opponents than at the recalcitrant Republic which has survived the survival of Brown's enemies. Brown seriously, like Brecht ironically, would suggest dissolving the citizenry and electing a new one.

This book has two plot lines. The first deals with one of the questions all America is not asking: Why did Brown's career collapse four years ago? Answer: Brown, according to Brown, was too candid, too morally sensitive, too humble and too homely. Brown's idea of humble candor is to accuse himself of being recklessly conscientious in reminding the public of social ills. He also says he is as unphotogenic as (his comparisons) Lincoln and Churchill. This part of the book is marvelously embarrassing. One especially marvels at Brown's ability to believe that people are or should be interested in his exculpatory rehash of dead disputes.

THE SECOND PLOT LINE purports to deal with the components of Reagan's villainy. Brown accuses Reagan of reversing many of the policies advanced by "progressive" California governors from Hiram Johnson through Earl Warren and Pat Brown. Which is to say, he accuses Reagan of keeping the

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campaign promises he made to the people whose approbation Reagan continues to enjoy. There is nothing in this book for students of government or contemporary history. There is nothing for collectors of arresting gossip. It is just what one would expect (if one expected books to flow from the broodings of distinguished ex-governors who nurse grudges against the citizenry). But the book is not wholly uninteresting. It is a crystalline expression of two central tenets of modern American liberalism.

One tenet is implied by the allegation that Reagan is a "McLuhanesque cowboy" whose political success stems from cunning use of television. The second tenet is contained in Brown's revealing puzzlement about the fact that "for all his negativism, his anti-government attitudes and his emphasis on the wrongs of this world, Reagan came across to the majority of Californians as a *positive* man." The first tenet is that the American people are malleable simpletons whose political preferences can be constantly altered by clever television campaigns. The second tenet is that one has "negative" thoughts about the world and its inhabitants if one does not have positive enthusiasm for government activism.

It might seem odd that these tenets coexist in the same philosophic cottage. Liberalism enforces what one hopes is an embarrassing division of energies. When one is not having negative thoughts about negative thoughts about government activism, one is supposed to be having negative thoughts about the doltishness of the electorate which chooses the men who staff the government about which one should feel positively.

UNFORTUNATELY, one can no more embarrass a liberal than one can humiliate a hamster. The creatures are not built that way. Reflective liberals argue that the two tenets do not just coexist; they are symbiotically related. The reason an active government is beneficent in spite of the electorate's shortcomings is that this government is supposed to be tutelary government. That is, the activism of government is to be directed at making the people more pleasant for liberals to contemplate. Soul-crafting is the *raison d'être* of tutelary government. And soul-crafting is easy if the masses are as malleable as liberalism supposes.

Brown avers that "the best answer to the Reagan mentality in today's poli-



tics" is a passage from Shaw which begins: "It is quite useless to declare that all men are born free if you deny that they are born good. Guarantee a man's goodness and his liberty will take care of itself." This belief led Shaw to Stalin (by way of Mussolini). It has now led Brown to retirement. It does express an aspect of modern American liberalism. And, of course, Reagan was twice elected to cleanse his state of such liberalism. Reagan understands that there will be no liberty left when the tutelary government is done guaranteeing our goodness.

Thus Brown inadvertently explains why Reagan was and should have been re-elected. In the process Brown demonstrates his own fidelity to a minor lemma of modern liberalism: Extremism in pursuit of Reagan is no vice.

Brown thinks California may not "survive as a society" and the threat he perceives is not the San Andreas Fault. It is the duly elected governor. Reagan "detests" and seeks to "tarnish" and "tear down" representative government. He threatens to "devastate our democracy" and to "undermine paranoic [sic] comments"; and he suspends his denunciation of Reagan's paranoiac radicalism just long enough to demonstrate his own moderation: He advocates dividing California into two states because the "political difference" between the northern and southern halves "is almost as pronounced as between Minnesota and Mississippi." Eschewing Reagan's "art of the superficial" and "simple aphorisms," Brown voices this deep and complex "hope": "The

young" will reject "suburban materialism and political indolence" and will build "a truly democratic government committed to human justice."

Brown is disturbed by the gap between Reagan and reality. Readers may conclude that he has not encountered the latter since the former encountered him. Readers also may conclude that the most interesting thing about this flimsy polemic is that Praeger published it. Another respected institution in the social-science establishment appears to have adjourned its standards in order to vent fashionable political views, which only occasionally ascend from banal moralizing to imaginative obloquy. □

Power and Market: Government and the Economy

By Murray N. Rothbard

*Institute for Humane Studies
(Menlo, California), 225 pp.,
\$6.00/\$3.00*

ROTHBARDIAN UTOPIA

PETER P. WITONSKI

There are libertarians and there are libertarians, and then there is Mr. Murray Rothbard who is more libertarian than all the rest combined. But surely *NR* readers are familiar with Mr. Rothbard—if for no other reason than for his advocacy of the private ownership of lighthouses, *in the name of freedom*. So far has Mr. Rothbard traveled in his rightward odyssey that he has, on occasion, found himself quite comfortably ensconced on the far side of the New Left, pandering his zealous nostrums about war, peace and a dozen other subjects to a small band of true believers (a small band, it should be noted, that has more often than not found itself on the opposite side of the ideological chasm from *NR* and the rest of the conservative establishment). But this is not to say that Murray Rothbard is necessarily beyond salvation, that he has nothing to say to those of us who place some stock in the notion of human liberty. Let us simply note that there seems to be a spot on the ideological spectrum—on *any* ideological spectrum—where ideological purity becomes eccentric, far-out, even kooky. Mr. Rothbard occupies that spot, but he has been known to waver, on occasion,

in the direction of commonsense; and it is in those moments of wavering that he says things of great interest to all thinking conservatives.

Would that I could toss an encomium in his direction right now. Lamentably, however, that is impossible, for Murray Rothbard is back on that eccentric spot of his, pontificating his own unique vision of a libertarian utopia, a utopia that strikes me as being potentially anti-libertarian. What I mean to say is that Murray Rothbard, in his hatred of the Leviathan state, seems to be planting the seeds of that polity where life is, in the words of a famous man, "nasty, brutish and short." But that is getting ahead of the story, and that would be fair neither to the reader nor to Mr. Rothbard.

IN 1962 Rothbard published a two volume thesis, entitled *Man, Economy and State*. In this work, Rothbard propounded, in the most minute way, the virtues of an absolutely pure free market. He has now written a sequel to his earlier work, *Power and Market: Government and the Economy*, which aims at juxtaposing the state and the market, endeavoring to proclaim the virtues of the latter over the former from the standpoint of governance.

Rothbard's basic hypothesis—minus all the graphs and formulae—is simple enough to fathom. Indeed, it would be still simpler, and find more converts, if Rothbard had only advanced it with less extremism, and with more attention to the real world. But that may be too much to ask for; Rothbard is clearly a dreamer, and such men are not likely to bend. In any event, what it all adds up to is this: The state is, almost by nature, *bad*; nay, it is worse than *bad*, it is incompetent. It meddles and intervenes in areas where it simply doesn't belong; it deprives us of certain fundamental freedoms while claiming to be helpful to society as a whole; and it invariably botches anything it gets involved in.

What is to be done about all this blundering and meddling on the part of the state? At this point Rothbard brings in *his* version of the free market (I emphasize *his* version, because that version has little resemblance to the society envisaged by, say, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, Adam Ferguson, Vilfredo Pareto, or any other significant classical liberal one can think of), which, we are informed, can do all sorts of things

presently being done by the state, only better. So far so good. Who could possibly disagree that the state has gotten too big for its breeches, and that the private sector could do better many things presently being done by the state? However, it is Rothbard's examples that put one off. He would carry his anti-statism to the point where he would defend the country via the free market. He has other pet ideas—less wild than his private warlords defending the bastions of freedom—such as private coinage, the abolition of patents and so on and so forth.

Suffice it to say that Rothbard is right insofar as he is critical of big government. But once he starts supplying us with alternatives, *his* market alternatives . . . well, let's just say that they're more than a bit far-fetched. The end result of the Rothbardian utopia—should one, by some impossible freak of chance, ever come to pass—would be a dark day for freedom. If you don't believe me, ask the last guy to be held up by a warlord. Or, come to think of it, ask some of the people who have done business with the Mafia lately. □

ART

IN THE MIDWEST

RUTH BERENSON

The Middle West is really different from New York—but this hardly shows in Middle Western museums, whether in Minneapolis and Milwaukee, where I recently visited, or elsewhere. Nearly all of them could as well be located on the East Coast or in New York itself. The objects displayed, the temporary exhibitions, the definitions of goals and functions do not differ in kind or in quality from New York's Metropolitan Museum or the Museum of Modern Art, though all are possessed of a fervent ambition to beat the latter at their own game.

In a way, this is not surprising: New York's cultural predominance is a fact of American life. But what does seem strange is that so many Midwestern art institutions seem to neglect or pay only lip service to their Midwestern roots, cultural origins and the local art scene. Even when they exhibit local artists, they tend to choose those whose work

exemplifies an in trend on Madison Avenue, shunning anything that smacks of "regionalism" as being synonymous with "provincial," a dirty word. In short, they operate on the principle that what's good for New York is good for them, and see their function as that of the missionary bringing New York art to the hinterland. In this, they seem, at least to this observer, to be going against the quietly independent spirit which characterizes other Midwestern institutions.

THE *Mobil Travel Guide* says Minneapolis is a "fountainhead of culture" bursting with "frontier vigor"; to Samuel Sachs II, expatriate New Yorker who is Assistant Director of the Minneapolis Institute of Art, the operative word is "cosmopolitan." Both descriptions are apt, for Minneapolis pursues its cosmopolitan culture with true frontier vigor. Consider: a first-rate symphony orchestra; America's most renowned repertory theater (the Tyrone Guthrie) plus a number of experimental theaters; two opera companies, one devoted entirely to twentieth-century works; three dance groups; the Minneapolis School of Art, with an international faculty and students from all over the country; and two art museums—the Minneapolis Institute of Art and the Walker Art Center. (The latter was unfortunately closed when I was there, pending completion of its new building.) This is quite an achievement for a city of somewhat less than 500,000, and the list omits all that's going on in the twin city of St. Paul and at the University of Minnesota.

The cosmopolitan let's-keep-up-with-New York attitude of Minneapolis is not new, as witness the Institute's handsome marble building designed by New Yorkers McKim, Mead & White in 1912; its really extraordinary Old Master collection includes unique examples of Rembrandt, El Greco, Fra Angelico, to mention only a few, and is still growing. While not competing with the Walker Art Center, which specializes in modern art, the Institute has a discriminating selection of contemporaries. The permanent holdings are filled out with a program of special exhibitions which strike a balance between old and new.

"Thirty Black Arts" of 1968 was a pioneer effort since copied by Boston's Museum of Fine Arts and other places; other shows devoted to the art of the past have broken new ground in the

well-plowed fields of art history, scooping the Metropolitan et al. in the process. "The Past Rediscovered," a survey of unfashionable aspects of French nineteenth-century painting which included the hitherto-despised Academicians, was acclaimed as a revelation, as was its Rembrandt show. This spring the Institute will unveil "Art Deco," the first full-length survey of that decorative style of the 1920s and 1930s currently much *en vogue* with interior decorators bored by Art Nouveau. This is a project that one would have expected from the Museum of Modern Art—but Minneapolis has once again out-guessed its so-called betters.

The Institute has the usual educational programs, children's classes, women's committees and film series which are *de rigueur* for any self-respecting American art museum. But it just about ignores the local Minnesota art scene, except for a one-man show by a local artist every other year—and even then, the artist chosen is often an outsider currently teaching at the Art School. "We're not interested in local art as such," Mr. Sachs told me. "Our function is to bring the best art, from all times and places, to Minneapolis. Regional art is dead, anyway. If a local artist meets our standards, that's fine, but we're not going to hang his pictures just because he's from around here." When I remarked on the high caliber of the art from Minnesota, Iowa and Nebraska that I saw at an annual Art Fair in the small town of Northfield, Minn., Mr. Sachs was pleased but seemed a bit skeptical. "I've never seen it," he said.

MILWAUKEE, despite its long renown as the city of beer and *Gemütlichkeit* is not cosmopolitan; compared to Minneapolis, it seems provincial, at least where culture is concerned. Its symphony orchestra, for instance, is only twelve years old; an earlier orchestra,

together with a number of fine choral societies and several excellent German-language theaters foundered in the anti-German hysteria which accompanied World War I—a blow to its cultural life from which Milwaukee is only now recovering. The Milwaukee Art Center, which occupies the bottom floors of Eero Saarinen's beautiful War Memorial on the shores of Lake Michigan, seems like a brand-new enterprise even though, like the Minneapolis Institute, it was founded in the 1880s.

Since the beer barons were more interested in music than art, the permanent collections grew slowly; as recently as 1941, the WPA Guide to Wisconsin noted that they were only "on exhibition during July and August." Though things have improved since then, particularly in art of the nineteenth and twentieth century, earlier periods are hardly represented. This does not bother Director Tracy Atkinson, a strong advocate of contemporary art. "We can't get Old Masters at today's prices," he said. "And anyway, I refuse to be the victim of an edifice complex and fill the museum with second-rate things just because they're old." Though he would like to acquire a few really fine objects to illustrate the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and so on, he is buying contemporary because he—and the trustees—believe in it.

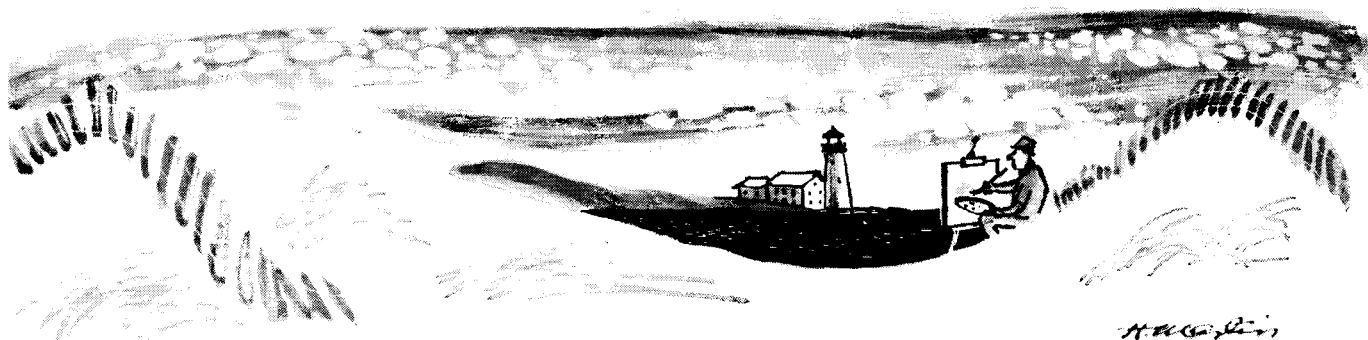
Thus the Center's galleries are overflowing (a new wing is to be built) with plastic sculptures, earthworks, environments; its walls are hung with computer art and yards of Minimal and New Realist canvases, and there is a special room for Light Art and Kinetics, the first such permanent installation in America. Most of the temporary exhibitions are also geared to the present, though a recent show of mid-nineteenth-century German painting, the property of the Milwaukee collector, René von Schleinitz, was a notable exception recalling the city's German beginnings.

In contrast to Minneapolis, Milwaukee does its best to boost Wisconsin artists. Painters and sculptors are given a big showing every other year, alternating with the designers and craftsmen. In addition, the Sales and Rental Gallery is devoted to local artists. Much of what I saw there, however, reflected current trends on Madison Avenue, though the pottery and batik designs, belonging to a Wisconsin craft tradition of many years standing, were more arresting.

These two museums mirror the dilemma of many art institutions outside New York. Both feel themselves in competition with the East for the quality of their exhibits and for the novelty of their temporary shows. At the same time, many if not most of these institutions are relatively new and hence are effectively barred from building up comprehensive collections because of the scarcity of Old Masters and the fantastic prices they bring. Thus they have no alternative but to devote their purchase funds to contemporary art, with all the financial risk this entails, plus the danger that, by striving to be as *avant garde* as possible, they may alienate both local artists and the larger more conservative communities on which they must rely for support. Theirs is not an easy task, as is shown by the differing ways in which the museums of Milwaukee and Minneapolis are trying to solve it. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

PASSENGER TO FRANKFURT, by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead, 272 pp., \$5.95). What a start. The beautiful foreigner sidles up to the worldly wise British diplomat at the Frankfurt airport. I'll be killed, she whispers, unless you lend me your passport, your capacious cloak, and permit me to dope your drink so that the right questions won't be asked when you





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miss your plane. . . . Sir Stafford Nye, as what Agatha Christie hero doesn't, accepts the challenge. Who is the mysterious woman who keeps turning up in his life? What is the meaning of the Young Siegfried theme from Wagner he keeps hearing? What part does the obese and obscene Spider Queen with her palace guard of blond Aryan storm-troopers play in it all? Who is behind the youth-drug-violence revolution that threatens to tear the civilized world apart? Alas, in this, Miss Christie's eightieth book, published in her 81st year, she flunks. If the dear Hastings had suggested to Hercule Poirot such an absurd resolution, Poirot would have shaken his head sadly and reminded Hastings of the uses to which the little grey cells should be put.

P. L. BUCKLEY

THE DOOMSDAY BOOK, by Gordon Rattray Taylor (World, 306 pp., \$7.95). As its title indicates, this is a hard-core environmental disaster book. Besides a thorough survey of the usual culprits—pesticides, automobiles, fertilizers and, of course, atomic radiation—the reader is given an introduction to more esoteric hazards, such as man-made earthquakes caused by the weight of water in artificial lakes formed by dammed rivers. An interesting discussion of the effects of crowding on animals and on man ends with the prediction that the physiological effects of crowding may bring the population explosion to a disastrous end. The notion that lack of sufficient living space may have concrete physiological consequences (except in the most extreme cases) may be a novel one, but it is a logical consequence of the relationship between psychological well-being and physical health, the strength of which modern medical science is only now rediscovering. When the author moves from problems to solutions, his thinking is dominated by the clichés of the Left, both new and old. He does, however, display considerable consciousness of the fallibility of the planner and the dangers of governmental power, even while embracing both. If the author, and other ecological crusaders, would only apply the same criteria to man's use of power over man that they apply to man's use of power over the environment, they would indeed be great defenders of human liberty.

J. C. MEYER

THE COME AS YOU ARE MASQUERADE PARTY, by Samuel Rosenberg, Introduction by Buckminster Fuller (Prentice-Hall \$6.95). Sam Rosenberg is in the great and perhaps dying, tradition of eccentric essayists. Painter, photographer, philosopher, massive collector of trivia, "and probably history's most massive reader." Here he turns his attention (and wit) to such disparate subjects as Santa Claus, Lot's Wife, Albert Schweitzer, Frankenstein's Monster and Melville's Tomb in Woodlawn Cemetery. The last two essays are masterpieces of literary detective work and insight, but all are good reading.

S. RODMAN

HAZLITT

(Continued from page 85)

could be on the whole beneficent—in negotiating with individual employers, for example, concerning hours of work and such conditions of work as light, air, sanitary arrangements, rest-rooms, coffee-breaks, shop rules, grievance machinery and the like. But wherever the unions are allowed to use violence and coercive tactics to achieve any aim, the long-run result is bound to be bad for the workers themselves.

This being so, what should be the public's attitude toward labor unions, and what should be the legal framework in which they operate?

The public must recognize, first of all, that the interests of unions and union leaders are by no means identical with the interests of labor as a whole and that being pro-union is by no means synonymous with being pro-labor.

In accordance with the principle of freedom of peaceful association, the law should not prohibit unions, but neither should it go out of its way to encourage them. Certainly the government should not continue, as it does in the United States, to turn itself in effect into a union-organizing agency and to force employers to negotiate with unions. And under no condition should the law—or the law-enforcement officials—tolerate union violence, vandalism or intimidation.

For private industry the minimum need is 1) the complete repeal of the Norris-LaGuardia Act of 1932, which in effect denies injunctive relief during a strike to employers and nonstrikers from violence, vandalism and intimidation; and 2) the repeal of the Wagner-Gaft-Hartley Act of 1935 and 1947, which compels employers to recognize and "bargain collectively with" specified unions and in effect to make concessions to them.

Repeal of these and other laws would merely return the United States to the pre-1932 federal legal situation. In addition, however, all mass picketing should be forbidden, as well as any picketing whatever that involves harassment or intimidation.

The century-old tolerance on the part of public officials of union coercion and violence is in large part a product of the myth that such violence is necessary to secure "fair wages" and "justice for labor." Not until this myth is destroyed can we hope to have labor peace, maximum real-wage income, and orderly economic progress. □

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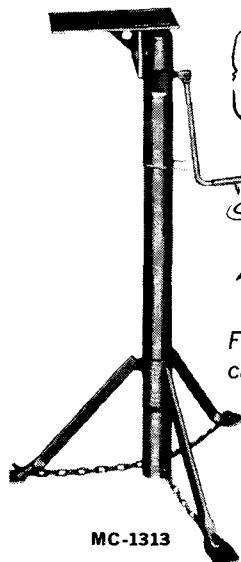
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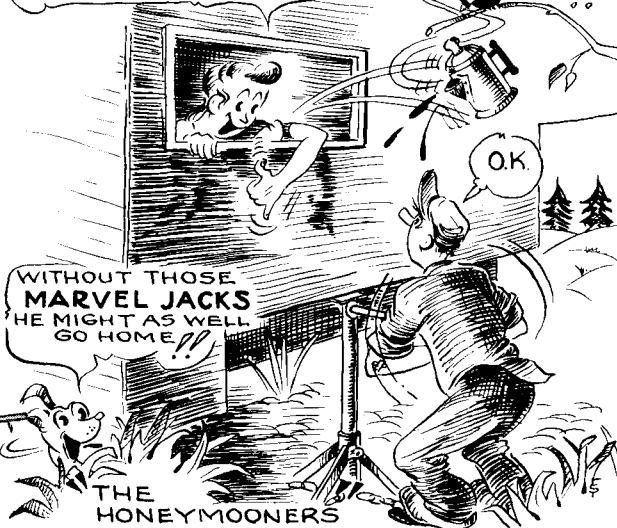
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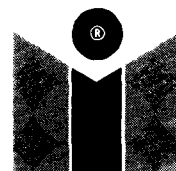


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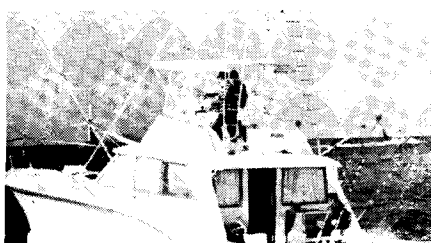
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WORSTHORNE (Continued from page 76)

pool, to eavesdrop on the conversations on the front, to observe the illuminations, to imbibe the atmosphere of the place in all its strange particulars, is to realize how splendidly resistant to the whole contemporary process of cultural and social indoctrination the ordinary people of England actually are.

Quite clearly there is a whole stratum of English life that has no desire to better itself in the sense of adopting progressive middle-class standards and values; which has no intention of becoming trendy and avant garde, no desire to get "with it"; which still gets immense pleasure and satisfaction from being working class and is determined to stay just that. "The idea of building a 'better tomorrow' or a 'new Britain' becomes inherently ludicrous," writes Mr. Jenkins with despair. How right he is. That is what progressives so hate about Blackpool: The evidence it supplies of how little the itch to change is shared by ordinary people. There they are, walking down the front, gawping, drinking, leering, having a wonderful time, *now*, in this unreconstructed capitalist hell, showing no awareness that they are living in a cultural desert, displaying no desire for higher standards, no concern about the Race Relations Act, no respect for foreign susceptibilities; behaving, in short, with brazen naturalness without the slightest reference to any canons of taste and propriety other than their own.

Blackpool is one gigantic cocked snook at "gracious living," a roaring blasphemy against all the gods of fashion, a living, pullulating denial of the efficacy of public education, an island of reaction in a sea of progress.

No wonder the progressives hate it. Eton has lost touch with its roots, with the boys all bending backward to model themselves on Mick Jagger, dukes vie with each other to appear modish and swinging, even the Royal Family pays attention to the demands of modernity. Clearly the upper class has been successfully radicalized, caught up in the maelstrom of change, made to conform to the homogenized version of contemporary man. Blackpool, however, is different. Blackpool has not changed. It remains defiantly old-fashioned, a museum piece of genuine working class culture, defiantly oblivious of the winds of progress, and the people love it.

Blackpool, not Eton or the Ritz or

the stately homes, is the bastion against which the armies of the Left cannot prevail. Those knobbly Lancastrians, set in their awful ways, do not want that "better tomorrow," that "new Britain" because they like things as they are. For the progressive Blackpool is a nightmare. They have got the rest of us on the run, eagerly, frenetically chasing after every new fashion and trend. But Blackpool refuses to budge. Its roots go deep and refuse to be shaken. It actually dares to like things as they are, to be more concerned to enjoy the present than to shape the future.

Such a heresy cannot be condoned. People have no right to be happy in the wrong way. How dare they be content with so little. They must be made to ask for more. The rage of the progressive intellectuals at Blackpool is symptomatic of the dilemma of the Left. Today it is no longer the grievances of the people that arouse the indignation. It is their lack of grievances. □

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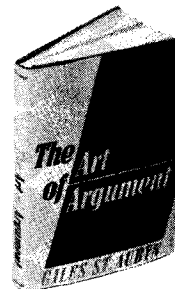
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LETTERS

(Continued from page 63)

where there is division, freedom where there is fear, trust where there is antagonism, healing where there is hatred."

Sir Cyril Black, the former member of Parliament and current President of the Baptist Union, after reading the *Times* article, said to me: "Every Christian movement is having trouble with those who want to water down Christianity." Hundreds of the resident-trained leaders of MRA throughout the Americas are at this moment renewing their commitment to living Christianity.

Oxford, England

GARTH LEAN

Corliss Protests

Okay. Now that David Brudnoy has charted the decline and fall of American morals as reflected on the tarnished silver screen [Dec. 1], let's talk about movies. What's happened since 1955 that Mr. Brudnoy conveniently ignores? Well, Ingmar Bergman, the sex-obsessed Swede, has made fifteen films, including at least four—*Smiles of a Summer Night*, *The Seventh Seal*, *The Magician* and *Persona*—which can be classified among the cinema's greatest achievements. The anarchists' conspiracy known as *la nouvelle vague* left some revolutionary flotsam on our shores, films like Godard's *The Married Woman* and *La Chinoise*, Truffaut's *Shoot the Piano Player* and *Jules and Jim*, Chabrol's *Les Bonnes Femmes*, Resnais' *Last Year at Marienbad*, DeBroca's *Male Companion*; films that liberated the director from his role of confectioner, and demanded of the viewer an archivist's knowledge and an adult's sensitivity. Luis Buñuel, an avowed anti-Catholic, stepped nimbly into the klieglights after thirty years of obscurity to produce the delightful *Viridiana* and the masterful *Belle de Jour*. Federico Fellini and Michelangelo Antonioni, renouncing the faith of their *patri* if not the spirit of their *compagni*, described the mystery and malaise of the modern world in such works as *8 1/2* and *Blow-up*.

In America, John Ford and Alfred Hitchcock made their best films. Ford's *The Searchers*, which is extravagantly poetic in its theme, its characterizations and (especially, gloriously) its photography, easily surpasses every other Western; and in it, John Wayne gives his greatest performance. (Forget all those latecomers who try to pay their dues to the Duke's off-screen philosophy by raving about *True Grit*. They insult Wayne when they praise one of his few films that departs from the true "Big John" honesty and obsession.) In *Psycho*, Hitchcock displayed a feeling for character that his other films lacked; consciously or not, the bravura visual effects helped create sympathy for Norman Bates, the All-American homicidal maniac, and Hitchcock used

Tony Perkins' Boy-Scout innocence to ghoulish perfection. Nor were these films just two marvelous freaks in a wasteland of bilge. The period was graced with dozens of fine films, of every genre and viewpoint.

As the old Hollywood disintegrated, films became more personal. As the few remaining moguls discovered that most of the audience was under 25, films began to reflect youth's ideals and illusions. As the moral climate relaxed, films made fuller use of nudity and naughty words. None of this should be surprising, or even very depressing. For some film-makers and many film-goers, the movie house is today's equivalent of the old shed, behind which the curious adolescent would sneak to smoke a cigarette, read a dime novel, and practice some new swear words. In all likelihood, movies will pass through this adolescent phase into a long-awaited maturity. Even in 1970, the best film-makers were exploring contemporary America in a spirit of sympathetic criticism, whether the subject was rebellious youth (*Zabriskie Point*), drifting young men (*Five Easy Pieces*), insecure middle-age (*Loving*) or cantankerous senility (*I Never Sang for My Father*). The mass of movies may be badder than ever—the general level was never as high as our memories tell us it was—but surely the critic's role is to distinguish the wheat from the chaff, and then to help harvest the wheat. We gain nothing (except a sense of righteous superiority) by pointing fingers at an industry that, for all its sins, has subsidized some of the century's great artists.

Besides, trend spotting and spitting has its dangers. After all, what was the most popular movie of 1969? *The Love Bug*, a Walt Disney production.

New York, N.Y.

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The Fight for Price Controls

On The Right

New York, Jan. 14—To remind us dramatically that economics is an inexact science, *The Advocates*, a weekly television program that goes out over the educational network, brought together a former president of the American Economic Association, and his successor, and they disagreed with each other roundly on the subject of whether wage and price controls are desirable. The confrontation was all the more interesting because the opponent of price controls was Professor Milton Friedman, who is widely acknowledged as the closest student of money policy in the world, and is, on top of that, the most colorful, and the shortest, economist in the world. Opposite him was President-elect Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, the nation's leading proponent of price controls, probably the best-known economic interventionist in the world, certainly the most stylish, and by ironic masterstroke, the tallest economist in the world.

Mr. Galbraith's principal contentions are that we are suffering from twin evils, namely inflation and unemployment, and that it is obvious the Nixon Administration, oscillating between Keynesian and classical prescriptions, doesn't know what to do about it. What to do about it is ask Galbraith what to do about it: in this case, wage and price controls. Everywhere? No, not everywhere, but in key industries, of the type that set standards for wages and prices.

Would these controls be permanent? For the sake of the television program, it was agreed to speak only about six-month controls. In fact Mr. Galbraith has elsewhere recommended permanent controls, which is tacit recognition that the economics he has ordained over the years will be permanently unsuccessful.

Mr. Friedman said that his opposition to controls is based not merely on philosophical grounds (controls are coercive), but on quite practical grounds. They simply do not work. We have a two-thousand-year record of attempts at controlling prices and wages, going back to the Emperor Diocletian. (Thenceforward, in the program, Mr. Galbraith was referred to as "the other

emperor.") Price controls didn't work in England, they are about to be phased out in Canada, they don't seem to be doing much in Scandinavia: So why hope that they would work here, particularly since the United States is an economically itchy country, which binds all the more quickly under restraint.

What then should be done? More of the same, said Mr. Friedman. We are engaged right now, and will be for another year or so, in paying off the debt accumulated by Lyndon Johnson, who overspent by \$50 billion. Although it is true that inflation continues to race, it is also true that the rate of inflation is decelerating, and within fifteen to twenty months, we should return to an inflation rate of about 2 per cent. What about unemployment? True, we have 6 per cent unemployment, but a great deal of it is the kind that shows up in the statistical tables when John graduates from college, and looks about for a few months before deciding what job to take. "Frictional" unemployment, the boys call it.

MY SYMPATHIES ARE of course with Mr. Friedman, though I would put a much greater emphasis than he does on the social-power factor. Mr. Galbraith looks about him, and sees labor unions with the power to wrest extraordinary wages, and business firms sweetly situated to pass the costs to the consumer. Mr. Friedman believes that inasmuch as only one-quarter of American labor is unionized, it is hardly likely that abuses by that quarter will impose inflation on the remaining three-quarters.

My own view is that on this one, Galbraith is more nearly correct than Friedman; and that in recognition of the current crisis, congressional statesmen should act to bring the monopoly unions under the control of the Sherman Act. I.e., reduce the special leverage they enjoy, even as we regulate—and should—monopoly industries. It is argued that the privileges of the unions are institutionalized, and that to tamper with them would be like tampering with Social Security. True, it is too late to tamper with Social Security. But there is little need to do so, because we do

not face a crisis that arises from the existence of Social Security laws. That is not the case with the unions. Perhaps Mr. Galbraith, if he doesn't get his wage and price controls, will settle for reducing the powers of business and labor to exact what they want from the public? □

MOYNIHAN ON NIXON

New York, Jan. 12
—Really, people
ought to take turns
hiring Daniel Patrick

Moynihan if only for the pleasure of his leave-takings. His apopemptic graces are exquisitely developed, and what he said about Nixon and his Administration is overdue to be said by someone with high standing in the academic community, particularly someone whose own preferences in politics are liberal, and who grew up in the gardens of Camelot, first as equerry for Averell Harriman, and later as servant to the king himself. The question now is whether the liberal community will listen to what he said because it was their old, accredited pal Moynihan who said it. Or whether they will simply say that Moynihan has gone daft, and go back to treating Nixon and Nixon's ideas with the discrimination of Herblock.

To the end that his words shall not be quickly forgotten, I repeat one or two of them. Remember, here is Moynihan in the East Room of the White House, speaking to several hundred members of Mr. Nixon's Administration. He comes now to his final words, or exhortations, as he calls them.

"The first is to be of good cheer and good conscience. Depressing even frightening things are being said about the Administration. They are not true." These words, incredibly, are of revolutionary, or if you prefer counter-revolutionary, moment. Because it is quite literally true that the nation's academies are crowded with people who teach that Nixon and the men who surround him are *evil*. That they are mass murderers, who do it for fun and profit. That they care not about human suffering, or indeed about anything more wholesome than their own rancid self-interest. It may seem odd that it

should be necessary to speak these words of denial. "They are not true"—an elegant meiotic simplicity that lends special eloquence to the sentence, which is normally rendered with verbal extravagance, of which an example might be, "People who say that kind of thing about the Administration are sowing seeds of division and hatred," etc., etc., etc.

And then Mr. Moynihan said something else which is substantively arresting. "Time and again, the President has said things of startling insight, taking positions of great political courage and intellectual daring, only to be greeted with silence or incomprehension. The prime consequence of all this is that the people in the nation who take these matters seriously have never been required to take us seriously."

A brilliant perception. Now those who are wise in the ways of the world know that undoubtedly Mr. Moynihan had in mind some of the words and concepts which he, Moynihan, had sold to the President, or written in for him in some of his speeches. Poor Patrick, he did not understand. Any conservative who has ever been scratched in action understands perfectly. Most liberals, who are moralists, are taught to believe that an idea is to be appreciated or rejected depending on its provenance. If it happened that Adlai Stevenson and Everett Dirksen made the identical proposal on the same day, Stevenson's idea would have been celebrated, Dirksen's ignored. Good ideas have come out of conservative hatcheries by the truckload during the last ten years or so and they are simply ignored. That this should be the case even when the ideas come out of the mouth of the President of the United States, who is charged by the Constitution with proposing laws to Congress, is not merely intellectually scandalous, it is politically multiplying.

It is, finally, remarkable that Mr. Nixon succeeded in touching so deeply a man as sensitive as Moynihan, as wordily wise and as obstinately liberal. Remember, this is the Nixon that Joe McGinniss made a fortune out of knocking, and that Garry Wills (in his fascinating book) scarifies as a human being. Moynihan said: "[I] have seen him late into the night and through the night and into the morning, struggling with the most awful complexities, the most demanding and irresolvable conflicts, doing so because he cared, trying to comprehend what is right, and trying to make others see it, above all caring, hoping for this country that he has made greater already and which he will make greater still." Dr. Johnson said that epitaphs are not where to

look for lapidary judgments on a man's behavior in this world. But Nixon is very much alive, and Moynihan will have to live with these words. I wish him luck. □

EXPLAIN WHY YOU GET UP IN THE MORNING

New York, Jan. 10—As a columnist myself, I try to keep in mind that as often as not it is as easy

to do the natural thing as the unnatural thing; and that therefore it makes sense to be reasonably sure that the man on whom you have trained your sights is in fact acting inexplicably, before closing your finger on the trigger. Drew Pearson-types need to operate on a quite different assumption, namely that a public figure will go out of his way in order to betray his trust. Okay. So? So it pays to remember that Drew Pearson-types are doing what comes naturally to them when they ascribe venal motives to their victims, venal motives being the gas on which they fuel their engines.

My brothers Evans and Novak are not, by and large, Drew Pearson-types, but occasionally they feel the tug, most recently at my expense. They say that Washington is buzzing over my role as "bard" for Frank Shakespeare, the Director of the United States Information Agency, because I have been "singing his praises with the help of the taxpayers' money." Altogether disreputable, they suggest, inasmuch as I am a member of the President's Advisory Commission on Information, charged under the law with "conducting forthright appraisals of USIA policies."

The criticism is in two parts.

One. Money. Yes, I have traveled "at the taxpayers' expense," which is how they always phrase it when they want to taint a use of public money. The three trips in question, one to Vienna, one to Russia, a third to Vietnam, were taken at the instigation of Mr. Shakespeare. After two of those trips, I reported my findings to the President, at his request. After one of those trips, I was called to testify before a congressional committee, to report my findings, which I did, and got from the Democratic chairman of that committee his most effusive thanks. Mr. Jack Anderson last summer complained that my air travel was paid during these trips even though I wrote columns as I traveled. I advised his assistant, who was kind enough to call me on the telephone, that that was indeed true. But when I am asked by a government agency to go somewhere for purposes prescribed by it, I shall

damned well charge the government for fare. My philanthropy is my time. The Commission's members are unpaid.

Two. Messrs. Evans and Novak take Jack Anderson's complaint a step further. Their complaint isn't that I write columns when I travel for the USIA (I write columns wherever I am, that being what my contract says), but that when I travel, I write "glowingly" about the USIA. Consider—those of you who are interested in the uses of rhetoric—the following sentence from E & N: "When Buckley was attacked in the press for using taxpayer's money to travel the world and write encomiums for the head of the agency he oversees . . ." Tricky? a) The "press" never "attacked" me, Jack Anderson did, and there is thank God still a difference. b) Anderson's attack wasn't that I traveled in order to write encomiums of the agency, but that I wrote anything at all. But never mind, E & N have insinuated their point.

Now, as to the impropriety of writing "encomiums" on the Director of USIA. a) In fact I never wrote one. b) I have written two columns about Mr. Shakespeare. The first I wrote while in Vienna. The subject? Shakespeare's wonderful performance in Vienna? The glories of meeting with USIA's choir boys in Vienna? No, the subject was the attack on him by Joe McGinniss in the book *The Selling of the President*, which was published while I was in Vienna, in which Mr. McGinniss suggested that Mr. Shakespeare's views on Communism were naïve. Inasmuch as Mr. Shakespeare's views on Communism are exactly the same as my own, I tend to the conclusion that they are not naïve. Therefore I defended Shakespeare.

The other column I have written in defense of Mr. Shakespeare was when he was the object of a considerable attack by *Pravda* a few weeks ago. I wrote that column in New York City, and I did not charge the depreciation on my typewriter to the USIA.

All of which is awesomely trivial, in the cosmic situation, but even those who were living at the time on the outskirts of Hiroshima, instinctively ran their hands over their faces to remove the gnats. I might perhaps put it another way. If there is an effective anti-Communist who has *not* been praised by me, do me the favor, and send me his name. I shall then write about him. And Anderson, Evans and Novak will then construct an evil motivation, so that you may understand why I did as I did. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

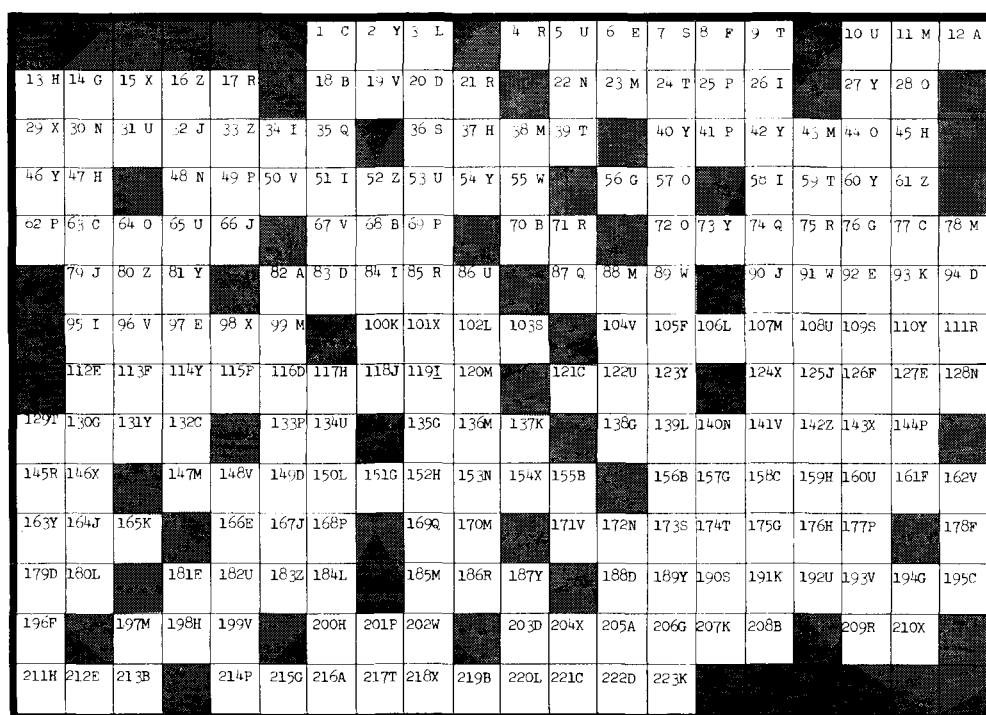
DEFINITIONS

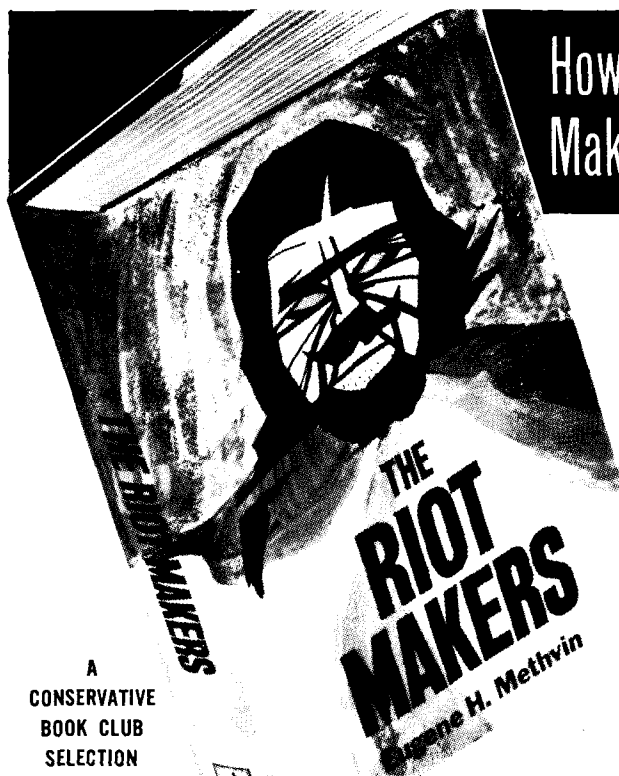
A. Comic strip character named for heavy-weight champion	12 216 82 205	N. He led the Myrmidons in battle against the Trojans	172 30 153 128 140 48 22
B. Growled	18 68 70 156 213 155 208 219	O. Celebrated	28 44 57 64 72
C. A symbol of a complex	63 158 195 1 121 132 77 221	P. To get the real thing you have to go to Denmark, where they call it Vienna bread	168 25 49 133 144 201 214 41 62 69 115 177
D. Where Greek met Greek	83 222 149 179 188 203 94 116 20	Q. An agency for papers that are red all over	169 87 35 74
E. Where a good and dead Indian is buried	92 97 181 127 166 212 112 6	R. About as right as can be; coined by Billie DeBeck	186 209 145 4 17 21 71 75 85 111
F. A scrap	105 161 113 8 126 178 196	S. A piece of landed property	190 173 36 109 103 7
G. A small dog famous for its gameness	56 14 206 138 157 135 194 215 76 130 151 175	T. What Rosco Ates did in the movies	217 9 59 39 174 24 129
H. A venomous water moccasin	117 47 200 45 13 152 159 176 198 211 37	U. This usually occurs in late autumn or early winter (U. S. and Canada)	5 134 53 192 65 108 160 182 10 31 86 122
I. Goldwater knows how to stop lingering in its men's room	26 34 51 58 84 95 119	V. Vociferous	162 67 148 171 96 104 19 199 50 141 193
J. Where Communists might put their money	125 164 90 79 32 118 167 66	W. An Icelandic literary work	202 55 89 91
K. Rapture of delight	137 207 165 100 93 191 223	X. Devotions during which matins are offered	29 15 98 101 143 146 204 210 218 124 154
L. What the Constitution's ensign was	139 102 184 180 220 150 3 106	Y. The Japanese leaf	40 2 27 42 54 60 73 81 163 187 189 46 110 114 123 131
M. A stiff, short-trunked plant that suggests a weapon (or an Ohio newspaper)	147 23 38 43 107 120 136 197 11 78 170 88 99 185	Z. One who makes much or overmuch of the sense of the beautiful	52 183 16 80 33 61 142

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 101 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram





How to Stop the Revolution and Make America Safe Again for Decent People

THE RIOT MAKERS

by Eugene H. Methvin, Associate Editor, Washington Bureau of Reader's Digest
586 pages • comprehensive index • appendices • 21 pages of documentation

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ABC's OF CREATING A RIOT — AND STOPPING ONE:

- The seven stages for starting a riot: the climate makers... young rowdies and criminals... the igniters... sandbox revolutionaries... rumor-spreaders and rally-callers... street-fillers and weaklings... bungling and vacillating authorities... paralyzed law enforcers... old-line subversives... terrorists and insurrectionists... the haters... and the decent majority.
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- The technique of revolutionary preconditioning. The role of Communist wordmanship. How rock and folk songs are used.
- Berkeley, Columbia, Harvard, Cornell: from spinelessness to chaos.
- Key role of revolutionaries trained in Hanoi, Havana, Peking, Moscow.
- How politicians show they lack the guts to enforce the law: a case history.
- Assaults on Newark policemen double. An organized campaign?
- How revolutionaries create martyrs. Staged funerals. Martyrology as a Communist training device. Black Panthers as a case study.

"For the professional protester," Methvin warns, "skilled in manipulating the mass media, slogans and symbols, the ordinary contemporary television audience of 50 million provides virtually unlimited possibilities. Among the audience out there will be 1,902,000 people who within a year will be arrested for crimes, including 360,500 who will be arrested for the seven more serious crimes (3,500 of them for murder, 24,000 for robbery), and 204,000 who will be arrested for disorderly conduct."

Methvin observes that it was Lenin, more than anyone, who understood the potential in such "pools of pathology." He shows how Lenin made a science of revolution, and how the master's work is carried on today by "Leninoids" in our midst — "a whole array of people who use the techniques of Lenin without his ideology." Among them he portrays "ex-Communists who shed their ideology but not their technical training... the opportunists... the compulsive revolutionaries... the modern-day nihilists... the philosopher-thugs... the natural leaders..." And, he observes, it was "the civil rights movement [that] really turned loose these devils out of Pandora's Box."

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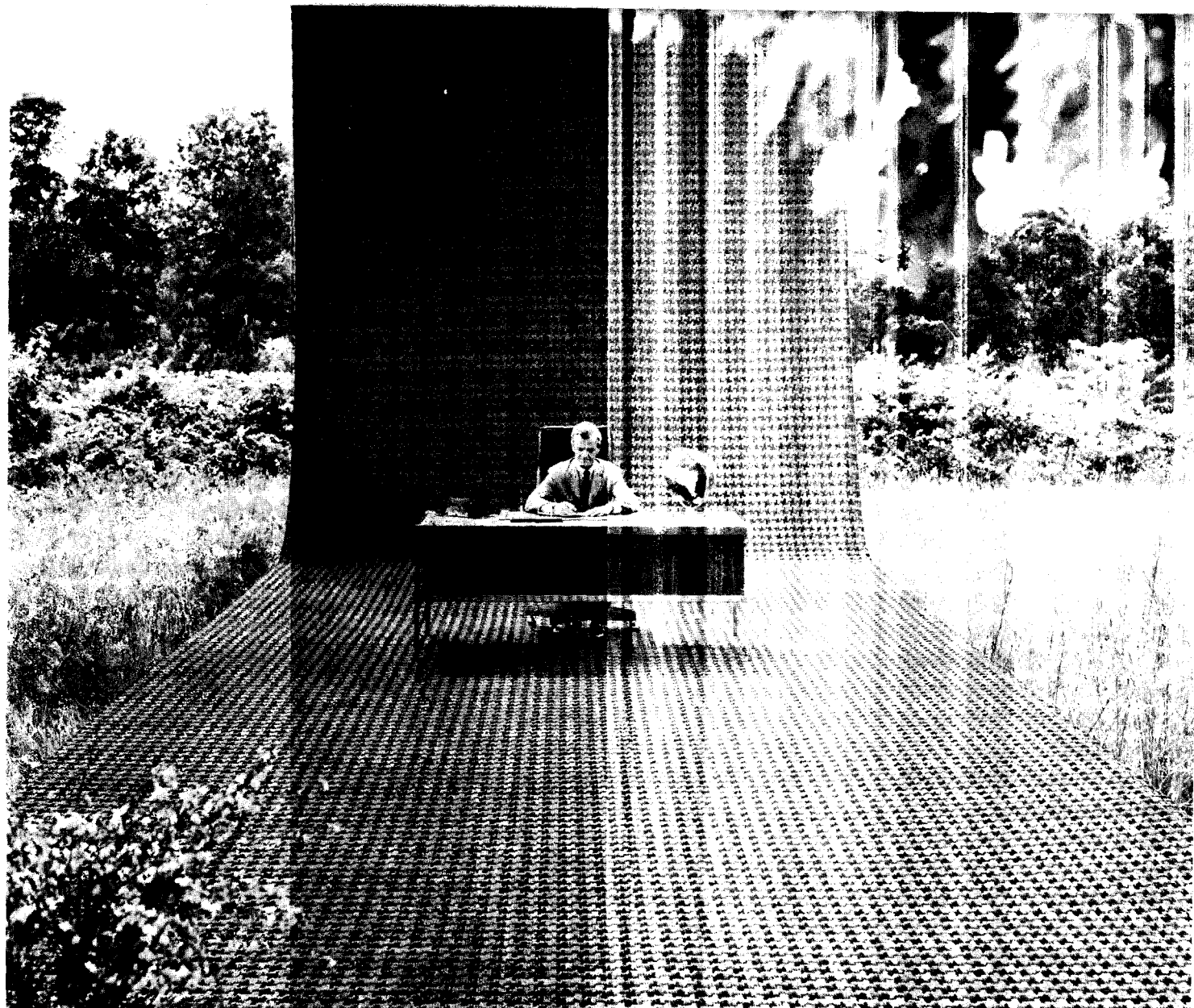
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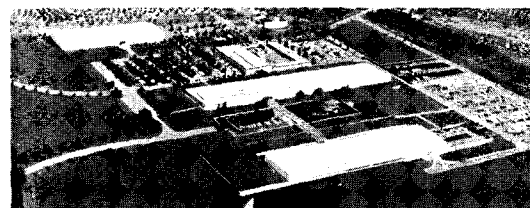
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